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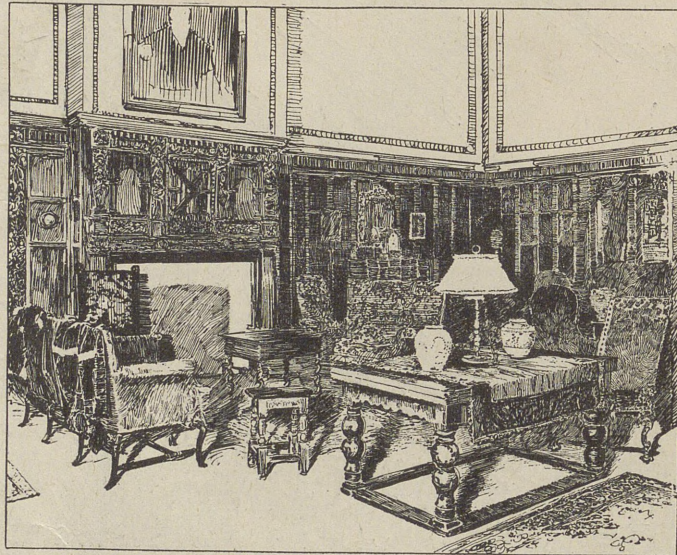
DUEL'S END—HONOR IS SATISFIED!





A Proclamation on Decoration

Away back in *De Dages of Chivalrie*—“*When Knight-hood Was In Flower*” and *Ladys Faire* and *Noble Lords* in *Castles greate* did dwell—the *Art of Tapestry Weaving* had its inception and its greatest vogue. The dainty fingers of the *Fairest Maids in Christendom* wove on cloth of gold with silken cord the pictured stories of many a gallant “*passage at arms*” and the *rocken walls* of the gloomy chambers of each *castellated keep* were made bright and beautiful with the *wonderous tapestry creations* of the time.



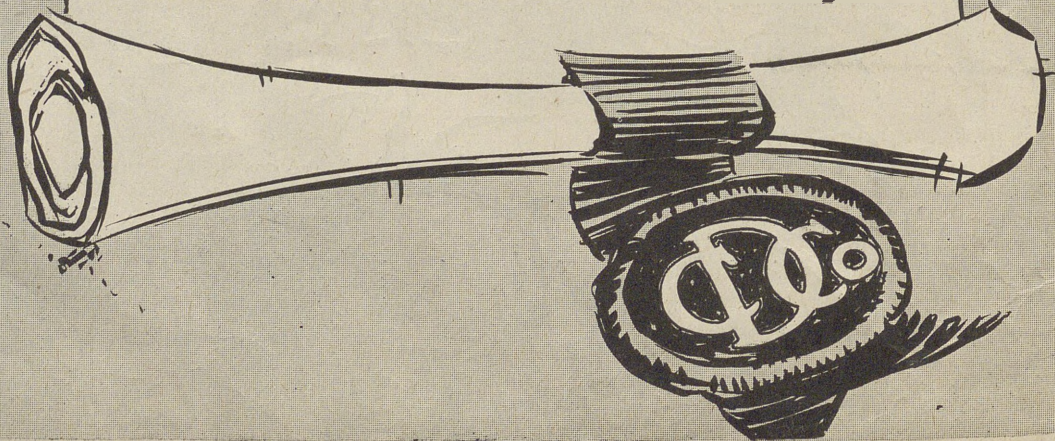
Since those far-distant times the *Art of Wall and Home Adornment* has ever been of interest to *My Lady Fair*; for to beautify her domicile in tones of taste has become her particular forte and one of her greatest pleasures. With the flight of the ages *Science* has come to her aid; *Art* has bent its energies in her direction. until now, at the present time, the painstaking and laborious efforts of a life-time in the long-ago may be accomplished in a pleasant half hour's shopping in *Our Decorating Studios*!

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Los Angeles



LOS ANGELES GRAPHIC

December 9, 1916

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—The Graphic is published every Saturday at Los Angeles, Cal., by A. D. Porter. The subscription price is \$2.50 a year; six months, \$1.40; three months, 75 cents, payable in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies free on application. News dealers and agents in the interior supplied direct from The Graphic office. Subscribers wishing their address changed should give their old as well as their new location. Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to the Los Angeles Graphic. Address

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TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

CHARLES LAPWORTH

EDITOR

WHAT OF THE SOUL OF EUROPE?

DISCUSSIONS of economic changes in Europe after the war are many and the transition period from war to peace, which, it is figured, will last several years, is giving financiers grave concern. But while there has been much said in regard to the industrial and financial readjustment, involving radical changes, will there not be changes in the soul of Europe as well? Will the kaiser return from the battlefield and mount his throne again, secure in his rights, as the anointed of God? It has become the fashion to account for human lives one by one "on this vast checkerboard." Will the mothers and fathers of his ravaged empire sit silent or will they want an accounting? The solitary state of the royal families of Europe is likely to be rudely broken.

Are not many of those footsore thousands of soldiers, marching at the order of one man, when the lust of blood is cooled, going to ask, "Why?" What will royalty reply? No voice out of the caverns or heavens returns divine answers in these prosaic days. Keen-eyed money-lenders put questions, even to kings, and slaughtering of fellowmen has become hideously expensive. It may be really "the crash of empires and fall of worlds" that is now filling the country with horror and indignation. For what have millions of men died within the last two years? Why not a tourney of kings if they wish to wipe one another off the earth? Where is civilization lurking these days? And what of The Hague peace conference? Has that chamber been converted into a morgue and do ghosts laugh in derision in the shadowed corners? What, indeed, of the soul of Europe?

BRITAIN'S DOMESTIC POLITICS

THE triumph of German arms in Roumania contributed to the fall of the British cabinet, but already it had been battered into resignation by the attacks of a powerful section of the British press. Germany had her internal political crisis a few weeks ago, when Bethmann-Hollweg defeated the strong advocates of "ruthlessness and frightfulness" in the war against England. The political pot is boiling over in France, though, of course, that is supposed to be a normal state of affairs in our sister republic: popular eruptions are considered to be a sign of democratic health. And while the German successes have been played to the utmost in plot and counter-plot in both of the entente countries, it is in England, where of late there has been a conscious and constant endeavor to break away from the well-recognized British tradition of "muddling through," that their effect has been most marked.

In London two remarkable personalities emerge more and more into the spotlight: Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe. But a few years ago the little Welsh lawyer was the most hated man in Great Britain. Twelve months ago that honor was held by the newspaper owner because of his attack on the popular idol Kitchener. When last England was engaged in war Lloyd George was the archetype of the peace-at-any-price pacifist, and led the "stop the war" campaign. His pro-Boer proclivities aroused nation-wide indignation, and everywhere he went about under police protection. He attempted to address a mass meeting in Birmingham Town Hall, but the crowd, resenting what it considered to be criticism of the "boys at the front," stormed the platform, and Lloyd George, surrounded by a small army of police, was only able to make his escape by subterranean ways after a great fight in which the great hall was practically wrecked, every chair and every window being smashed. Thousands sought Lloyd George in the nearby streets, and if they could have laid hands on him he would assuredly have perished, but the obliging police got him safely out of the city. Now Mr. Lloyd George is the leading public man in the realm. And it is still the same good old vox populi that has done it.

But Lord Northcliffe is the power behind the throne, so to speak. This proprietor of big circulations has

now to his credit the smashing of two governments since the war began. His rivals admit that his newspaper slogan "Haldane must go," was responsible for that minister—who because he was fond of German philosophies was accused of pro-Teuton sympathies—resigning his position as Minister of War. Admittedly Lord Northcliffe put Kitchener in his stead. Admittedly, also, the proprietor of The Times and The Daily Mail exposed the scandal of the shells, which resulted in the work of providing munitions being taken out of the hands of Kitchener and placed in those of Lloyd George. And now that another government has fallen, Lord Northcliffe's attacks on Asquith, Grey and Lansdowne as being members of the "Haldane gang" are acknowledged to be the direct cause. Such is the power of a press of big circulations handled by a political genius.

So at the head of blue-blooded Great Britain stand two men of comparatively plebeian origin. What the outcome of the new regime will be remains to be seen, but neither in England nor in France are the people apparently behaving themselves like conquerors. Their querulous bickerings and political plotting among themselves, while their countries are engaged in a death



New York Evening Sun

"You're a sure winner, Woodrow, God bless you!"

struggle, they will possibly abandon when they realize the seriousness of the situation, and as Kipling would have put it, they will "stop killing Kaiser William with their mouths."

LITERARY AMENITIES IN WAR TIME

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON, in a personal letter to the Editor of The Graphic, writes incidentally and happily:

"Bernard Shaw came to see me yesterday and talked what appeared to my simple mind to be a great deal of nonsense; but, on the whole, generous, though irrelevant nonsense. He is far too sensible a man not to see and to say that England was bound to go to war; but he has got it into his head that the Prussian, though a cur, is a beaten cur; and his humanitarian sympathies are aroused in consequence. However, as the poet says,

I love little Bernard, his heart is so warm,
And if you don't agree with him he'll do you no harm;
But fight and withstand him as I have withstood.
And Bernard will love you because you are good.

The above is a strictly correct description of our relations."

VILLA REDIVIVUS

AFTER Villa's latest exploits the outlook for restored tranquillity in long-perturbed Mexico is anything but roseate. Secretary Lane lays stress on the clause in the Mexican-American protocol arranging for resumption of discussion, in case the working agreement is ratified by both governments. He intimates, the vital questions of reforms, which include protection of American rights, lives and property, will be considered and ways and means to accomplish such will be determined, either by the initiative of Mexico or with American help—friendly, if possible; forcibly, if necessary.

Secretary Lane is a Californian; he has no illusions concerning Mexico, hence, when he alludes to the protocol as only a beginning to a policy which will make the neighboring republic possible to live with, it is not

necessarily airy persillage. The border troubles, as he points out, are only symptoms of the internal troubles. What Mexico needs is systematic treatment and the United States alone can administer it, failing her own efforts. We have no ulterior designs. If she will only realize that our chief desire is to help her get on her feet, the greatest obstacle to her rehabilitation will be removed.

Carranza is a trying proposition; he means well, doubtless, but his pomposity is, at times, exasperating. It is to be hoped he will be amenable to reason at this crisis in his country's history. A patriot with broad vision, in his place, could do wonders for poor Mexico, with the unselfish aid of America.

CANNED CULTURE IN WICHITA

KANSAS is responsible for Sockless Simpson, for the prose poet, Walt Mason, for "Ossawatimie" Brown, and for Wichita, particularly Wichita. In that abode of canned culture at the junction of the Big and Little Arkansas rivers, where Victor Murdock vies with Henry Justin Allen in furnishing editorial pabulum to the elect—when he is not at Washington helping to make the nation's laws—there is a yearning for the higher arts which the automatic brass bands in the "movies" and the Saturday afternoon canned concerts in the demonstration hall of the Wichita Beethoven Piano Company fail wholly to appease.

Recently, that excellent aggregation known as the San Carlo Opera Company "blew in" from Kansas City on its way to the Pacific coast, and after feeding the hungry musical souls of Wichita on Aida, Lohengrin, I Pagliacci and Cavalleria Rusticana, La Boheme, Il Trovatore and similar operatic standards, it was proposed by the management to give a Sunday concert, with Rossini's superb Stabat Mater as the piece de resistance. That is what it proved to be, for the police, acting under orders of the indignant Head Keeper of the Public Morals, put a padlock on the doors of the Forum, where the performance was scheduled to take place, and nailed thereto a placard reading, "Closed by the Police." In spite of all assurances that the Stabat Mater was not a Ziegfeld revue or a frivolous Cohan musical "pony" exhibit, the authorities insisted that its production would degrade the populace and sternly refused to let Rossini's masterpiece be heard.

Literally, their treatment of the Italian composer's oratorio was to Stabat through police interference, which they did. A music lover who has been wished on Wichita for several years past, and not yet able to make her escape, writes us that when the "best people" turn out to concerts by visiting artists, their costumes and coiffures are of such a nature that the Forum's box parties are "lit up like a fruit salad."

Evidencing their fondness for what the late Eugene Field would have termed the "recherchy" in music, they give triple encores to the accompanist who tinkles a little solo as a filler, while the star is icing her throat, and when Sousa arrives it is midnight before the audience files out, after debauching in two score "extras." Thus Wichita! Thus the penalization of one who has lived a blameless life.

Wood Magic

This is the dim domain where quiet moss
Creeps, to spread carpets all the floor across,
Touched here and there with fungus flower or tree
Minute and bright, in gay variety.
Beyond, the granite rock provides a screen
For woodland folk, reluctant to be seen.

As some wee fairy, thro' the grove of brake
Enters, to set it bending in her wake,
Canst thou not catch with that keen inner ear,
Brushed by the ghosts of sound too faint to hear,
How she has laughed? And saucy echoes mock
From their seclusion of the hollowed rock.

Who was that sudden figure, clad in brown
That dodged me in a flash—but Oberon?
What other figure, fairy fleet, and pale
Could flit about, becostumed in such veil
Of drapery, befitting no less elf
Than Queen Titania's swift, alluring self?
And, all the while, who parts the frondy ferns,
Peering with elfin eyes and quick discerns,
Smiling a little crookedly and sly,
But—PUCK! Dear Puck, the rogue, goes romping by!

Invisibly, the dusk, with stealthy grace
And slow, reluctant fingers, doth erase
The lines of tree-trunks; kindled fire-flies grow
Flitfully busy, careless where they go.
See, favored mortal, breathless with surprise,
How fades the fantasie from dazzled eyes!

—ETHEL HALLETT PORTER



Industrial Progress of Japan

By James Main Dixon



THREE and a half centuries ago, when Japan came into touch with Western civilization, she seemed ready to throw herself into the new world current. Firearms particularly fascinated her, as the most powerful element in the foreigner's equipment. In most other material things, China, who had been her teacher for a thousand years, had more to give than to receive from Westerners. The disastrous feudal wars of the middle ages had been unfavorable to industrial progress in Japan. For instance, the production of silk had almost died out. Her earthenware products were still crude, and she had not developed the secret of lacquerware. After about fifty years of international life, when Japanese adventurers were to be found all over Eastern Asia and Malaysia, the Tokugawa rulers established their capital at Tokyo (then Yedo), and began to close Japanese ports to all other nations. The date is easily remembered, for the great Iyeyasu, founder of the dynasty, died in 1616, the same year as Shakespeare. Some connection was kept up with the outer world through the port of Nagasaki, where a few Hollanders were allowed to have a "factory," and unload and load an annual ship from Batavia. There was also intercourse of a mild kind with Korea and China, and many cultured Chinese exiles found a refuge in Japan when the Ming dynasty fell. Korea was still ahead in many of the arts, and Korean immigrants were to instruct Japanese potters how to produce Satsuma and other line wares. Little or no improvement was made in gunnery; the musket still in use in 1860 was a sixteenth century pattern. Shipbuilding was discouraged. But it is wrong to regard these two and a half centuries of seclusion as a period of stagnation. In all intensive respects it was a period of steady progress; good roads were constructed; there was a centralization of rule at Yedo; there was remarkable development of the silk industry; the lacquer industry began; the porcelain industry developed; attention was paid to the culture of tea and oranges. In all the arts of life the empire was steadily progressing.

But it missed the extraordinary development that began in Europe in the eighteenth century, with the application of steam to the industries, and the growth of the factory system. So that when Japan was opened up to foreign trade in 1868, she had no skilled artisans in factories, ready to turn out goods for the foreign market or able to compete with the busy looms of Lille and Manchester. Anything like uniformity in grade and texture was absent, owing to the lack of machinery and big enterprises. There was no woollen production whatever. There is a lack of suitable grazing for sheep in the empire, and all woollen goods had to be imported until recently, when woollen factories were established. Even then it was difficult to get workmen who were handy at the work. In the last six or eight years, however, the importation of wool from Australia has increased nearly ninefold; from a value of \$485,000 to over four million dollars. Recent acquisition in Manchuria, moreover, provide home-grown wool.

The cotton and silk industries were early developed, and have owed very much to women workers. Indeed, in the textile factories the chief reliance has to be placed on women, who outnumber the men six to one. A recent authority—Robert P. Porter, in his "Japan, A World Power"—thus sums up the situation:

"The weak points in Japanese industry today, and those which will have to be strengthened before Japan can fulfill her ambition to become a great manufacturing as well as a great military nation, are apparently these: the absence of a permanent class of skilled labor; the entire dependence of her strongest industries upon the labor of women, which labor by the very nature of things, when these industries are carried on in factories, must be more or less intermittent and irregular; the relatively unimportant part occupied in her industries by iron and steel; the lack of trained artisans, which is one of the reasons why Japan has made no headway in the woollen industry, the employment of a million or more of bright and healthy men, capable of receiving an industrial education, in the performance of tasks delegated in the great manufacturing nations to horses and mechanical traction."

The great manufacturing and commercial center of Japan is Osaka in central Japan, at the head of the bay where the port of Kobe is situated, and an hour's run from the ancient capital, Kyoto. Mr. Porter in his book (Page 406) declares that it has reason to be proud of its antiquity, which will bear comparison with that of Yedo itself. But it was a great commercial emporium, with a population of several hundred thousand inhabitants when Yedo was a mere fishing vil-

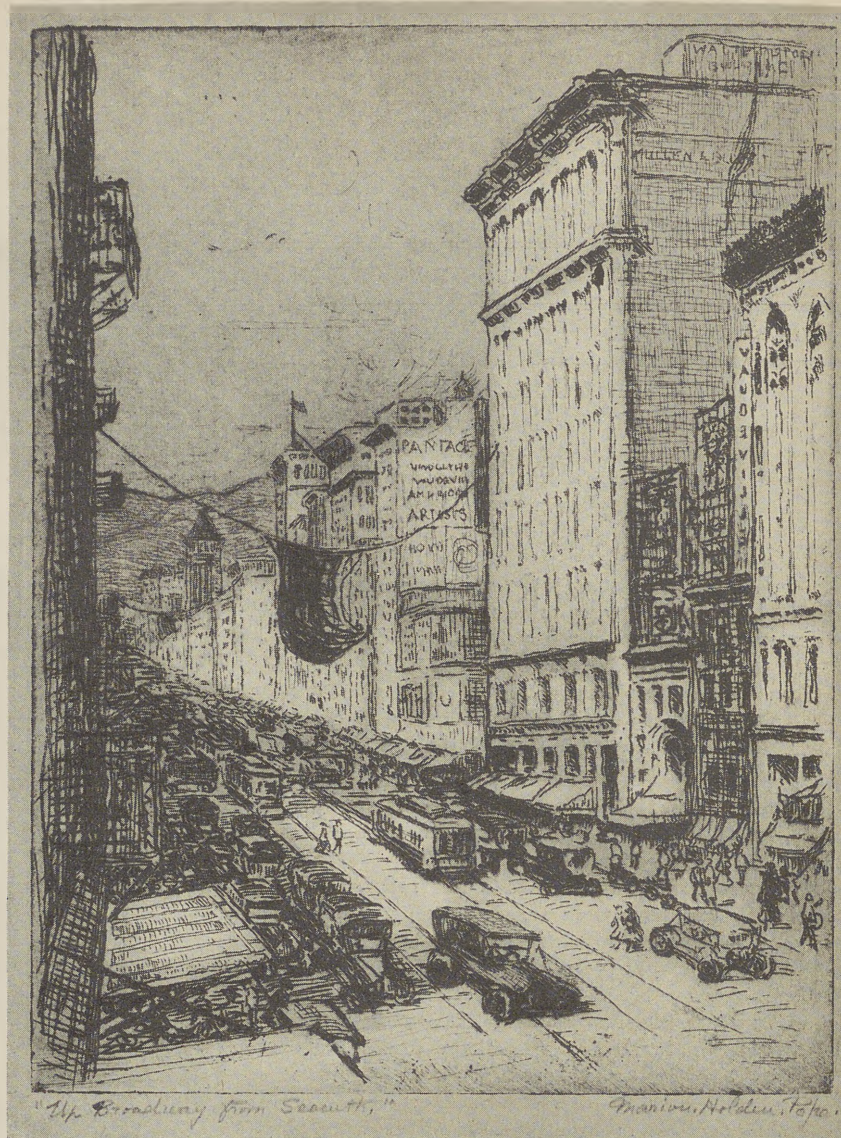
lage! And it is today the second city of the empire in wealth and numbers. It is the birthplace of the first Japanese newspaper, the Morning Sun, of the first Japanese theater; of the first clearing house; here are the big stock exchanges of the empire; the great rice warehouses. It is the center of the most populous district in Japan, a district destined to be a second Lancashire. Like Venice and Amsterdam, it is a city of canals, of boats and bridges. The chief manufactures are cotton yarns, the export of which has increased nearly tenfold since 1900; cotton underwear, the export of which increased threefold between 1908 and 1914; straw-plaits, mats and matting, rugs and matches.

While the production of cotton yarns and cloths has increased so rapidly during these years, the actual home yield has been diminishing and the country has looked abroad, especially to British India, for raw cotton. Between the years 1908 and 1914 the importation of raw cotton rose from \$20,000,000 to \$73,000,000 in value. As far back as historical records go, cotton is found as an indispensable requirement of the home life of the people. Every Japanese home has its supply of cotton-stuffed quilts—their bedding—and of cotton stuffed cushions—their only seats. To so many uses was it put, that in the Middle Ages a general who was noted for his fertility of resources was nicknamed Wata (Cotton). A large crop was raised for home consumption, when the country was closed to foreign trade. But now with one of the most flourishing of mercantile marines, her large liners keeping up a constant communication with Calcutta and Bombay, Japan finds it cheaper to import the raw cotton from India, the original home of the cotton plant.

President Scherer of Throop Technological Institute, Pasadena, in his recent masterly and significant treatise, "Cotton as a World Power," dwells on the advances made by nations of the Far East in cotton production:

"In 1891 the first Chinese mill was erected. There are now more than thirty, representing an investment of \$15,000,000, and consuming 400,000 bales annually, in addition to an immense homespun industry dating from very ancient times. Other parts of the East have also increased their consumption of cotton. Japan, for example, has more than quadrupled its raw imports and almost doubled its spindles, finding its chief market in China. In 1901 Japan took only 45,870 bales from the United States, but in 1915 (in spite of the war) took 353,440. India, however, supplies Japan with more than half of the raw material and the value of Indian cotton imported into Japan during 1912 showed an increase of \$25,000,000 over that of the preceding year. The opening of the Panama Canal brings Shanghai and Yokohama into as close relations with the Gulf ports as Liverpool itself, leading a recent English writer, Dr. John Bates Clark, to the opinion that Japan will soon become the Lancashire of the Far East, since she can choose her supplies from the two leading markets of the world, America and India."

With the phenomenal growth of her shipping, Japan does not possess nearly enough coal or iron to satisfy the needs of tomorrow. Hence the readiness with which she accepted the invitation of the Allies in the present war, to snatch Tsing-tau from the hands of Germany. Once seized, it is not likely to be given up, unless she is allowed to have a controlling hand in the valuable coal mines of Shantung province. With modern Japan, from the very outset of her career sixty



Etching by Marion Holden Pope
Broadway from Seventh

This is the woman's street and day by day
They throng the walks in gingham and
in silks;
Dainty and debonair, lonely and rich
They ride in limousines or walk on
foot;
Poor weary mothers dragging worn-
out boys;

A flock of school girls down from L. A.
High
While far beyond in clear-cut after-
glow
The peaceful mountains marvel at our
haste.

CHARLES FARWELL EDSON
(From "Los Angeles: From the Sierras
to the Sea." Warren T. Potter.

years ago, military and industrial expansion go hand in hand.

The subject of Japanese industries is a large one. I have not dealt with her silk produce and manufactures, which are uniquely hers. Nor with her tea industry, which is on a less secure basis, although hitherto she has held the American market. The astonishing development during the past few decades of India and Ceylon teas, of better grade and purer quality, is a menace to the teas of Japan. With the acquisition of Formosa, she secured a monopoly of the camphor market. Meanwhile her banking system has been built up on a firm basis, and, where the Chinaman was formerly more to be reckoned with in banking, the newer methods have been acquired by Japanese business methods, and in banking Japan is now more than a match for China.

Loss to the Women's Cause

Friends of equal suffrage everywhere will deplore the untoward fate of Mrs. Inez Milholland Boissevain, whose illness in Los Angeles had a fatal termination. Over-exertion of her vocal cords in the campaign induced tonsillitis, which brought on anemic conditions that gradually undermined the system. Born to wealth, after her graduation from Vassar college she espoused the suffrage cause, was a social welfare worker and in every way sought to make her talents count in the advancement of the race. She won her degree in law after a determined fight and was admitted to the bar to practice. Although only in her early thirties, Mrs. Boissevain had made a deep impress on society. She was of attractive personality and her death is a distinct loss to the equal suffrage cause as well as to humanity generally.

Keeping the railroads out of politics should involve keeping politics out of the railroads.

First duty of a Mexican executive seems to be to execute.

By the Way



Redfield Preaches Economy

Secretary Redfield has come out with a little more advice to the American public, and is quoted as saying that one-third of the 20,000 tons of paper produced daily in the United States is wasted. When I used to make foolish remarks, as a boy, my grandmother used to say, "cat's foot—fiddlesticks." The secretary also admonishes housewives not to insist on such thorough wrapping of packages in order to save paper, so the next time you go to the store for a dozen of eggs put them in your coat pocket and save the price of a sack; and carry your bunch of celery gently in your left hand. When it is necessary to economize why should we be proud?

Famous Hotel Chief Passes Away

George C. Boldt's death on Tuesday is deplored by last spring, and keenly enjoyed every moment; in planning for his new home at Santa Barbara he exhibited the keenest interest, and looked forward to spending many years out here. Hotel men come and go, but Mr. Boldt and his able lieutenant, Oscar Tschirky, gave to the Waldorf a quality of service unequalled in the world. Mr. Boldt was never particularly proud of the innovation, but it was he who established the custom of paging guests; and I once heard him say that he wished someone would invent a satisfactory method of locating guests and do away with the nuisance of the paging system.



It Was the Cat

The life of Charles Frohman, just issued by Harper & Bros., is the authorized life of a great manager, whose success was brilliant and self-made; which recalls a story told me by Albert Leader. You have all heard of the newspaper office cat immortalized by Charles A. Dana of the New York Sun. Well, in the Tribune office in Greeley's time was an office cat, and there were also two office boys, Dan and Charles Frohman. The duties of the boys carried them to the various theaters with proofs, etc., and in that way they became interested in the theater. There were about forty compositors on the Tribune, and Dan, who had charge of the office cat, collected twenty-five cents a week from each compositor to provide sustenance for the cat. Attention was eventually drawn to the fact that Dan must be accumulating a surplus against a hungry period, and upon a "probe" being instituted the compositors went on a strike for a reduction in the assessments for cat's meat.

Help Wanted at El Campo

Public corporations often receive queer communications that would tax any ordinary individual to answer, if they attempted to do so. Because of the receipt by the Central Service Co. at El Campo, Texas, of a peculiar letter, this company is seeking help in replying to it. Anyone finding a solution will kindly communicate with W. A. Hiddleston, general manager. The letter:

Dear Sir:

Please send the Chamber of Commerce to me. I will look at the pictures of booklet from the towns and big trees. You will fold them to send to me. You wrote to me a letter. You will send a big newspaper to me. I want to read them. Yours truly,

(Signed) JOHN H. SIEGRIST,
Hutchison, Kansas.

By and By good you is man.

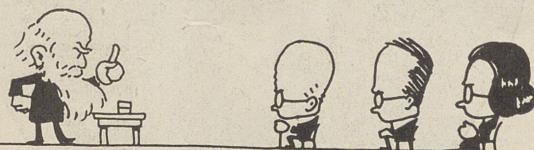
Break with Tradition

A year ago last summer, when Billy Mears, the art director of Harper & Brothers, was planning the features for the December Harper's Magazine, I offered to wager a luncheon that the editor of the magazine would not dare to get out his Christmas number without a story by Mary Wilkins, as it had become a tradition in Franklin Square that no Christmas number was complete without her. The magazine appeared with the usual story, but in this year's Harper's her name is missing from the table of contents. One of the easiest

things for a magazine editor to do is to get into a rut, and a most difficult thing is to get out of it. It may be that Henry M. Alden, the editor of the magazine, feels a certain responsibility, as to him is credited the success of Miss Wilkins. He gave her much fatherly advice and valuable coaching in her early days, and the Harper concern has always felt a kind of proprietary interest in her.

Moral Mr. Bryan

Mr. Bryan proposes to abandon applied economics for absolute morality. He tells the Rotary Club in New York that when he discusses the tariff he is talking about an issue that, like Tennyson's brook, goes on forever, whereas a moral issue when once settled remains settled; "and so I expect quicker and more satisfactory results from my efforts." Mr. Bryan is fitted to shine as an expositor of the homely virtues. If he had confined himself to uttering his opinions and looking wise on the subject of peace, or man-manufacture, or bimetalism, or the goodness of the good, or the badness of the bad, or grape juice, he would have avoided lots of trouble.



Vive la France!

Marquis de Vitry, visiting Los Angeles as the representative of the Paris Temps, and in an endeavor to establish here a branch of the Franco-American Committee, told students of the University of Southern California the other day in two stirring addresses that "the aims of France and the aims of the United States are one." "France stands as you do, for the liberty of all the world," said the Marquis. "We are working for the same ideals. The American War of Independence was the result of the writings of the French philosophers like Montesquieu and Rousseau, and that war was in turn the cause of the French Revolution which threw off the shackles of tyranny from France. France today has been saved from destruction by her moral force, by her belief in the ideals of liberty. If she had not had this great belief in the right, she never could have endured the first few months of the great war when she was opposed by a machine-like efficiency in war, and lived only through the heroic devotion of her soldiers." The Marquis is here primarily to learn what French goods could be used in Los Angeles after the war. The results of his investigation will be published in France for the benefit of French manufacturers. The Franco-American Committee is an association of Frenchmen and Americans for the purpose "of making America better known in France, and France better known in America."

"Dope" on the Harbor

There is now no excuse for any citizen of Los Angeles to be ignorant about our harbor. Glowing orations have been made depicting the golden future of the port at San Pedro, and none too sanguine, but many have failed to equip themselves with first-hand knowledge of what is destined to become one of the greatest harbors in the world. Visitors who are interested in its history, its development, facilities and future, will be helped by the circular just issued by Mr. S. A. Jubb, assistant harbor engineer, which supplies much accurate information. If you read it you will want to go and see for yourself. Certainly the men responsible for the important work now going on will welcome a keener interest by the citizens in the job which, after all, they are paying for.



Rev. Father Buckler's Happy Wit

Santa Ynez is a delightful old mission to visit and Rev. Father Buckler, in charge of the mission, is a most hospitable, kindly and interesting man who makes a trip there doubly worth while. His greatest pleasure lies in showing the treasures of the mission and expatiating upon their historic and romantic interest. Upon the occasion of my last visit there the good Father said, "Come again, friends, come again." To which I replied gaily, "I am afraid we shall have to wait until the roads are better," and received this quick response, "Don't wait that long. I am an old man now."

Transplanted Bostonian and Nonagenarian

As an example of a sound theology and a sound body Rev. David J. Higgins of Pasadena is locally famous.

He was born in Boston ninety-nine years ago, and it is his expectation as soon as he reaches his one-hundredth birthday to visit his native town and possibly to make a few addresses en route. Under his Pasadena roof there are at present five generations of the one family. Dr. Higgins is fond of bacon, but not of beans!

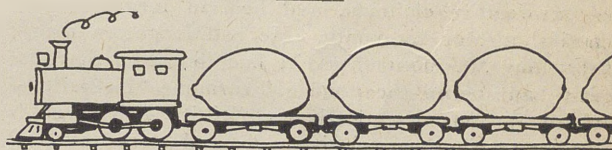


Hernan's Straw Hat and Advertising

Among the consistent men in riding a hobby, in California, is John J. Hernan, of the Hotel del Coronado, who has been in the city in the last week, greeting friends and looking after business interests. Manager Hernan is so thoroughly imbued with the idea that California is a land of sunshine and summer the year round that he would have it that summer clothing and straw hats are the proper caper at all times. And he is one preacher who lives up to what he preaches, for he wears a straw hat at all times o' the year and glories in it. Which gives him a right to say all the extraordinary things about California that he sees fit with perfect propriety. As a result of his experienced observation of conditions and a managerial ear to the ground he says this is going to be a bumper year for tourists and hotel managers. "All indications point to a good travel in this direction. Railroad agents tell me of heavy bookings over their lines from eastern points. Reports from all sources merely bear out the forecasts made earlier in the year." A big advertising campaign, playing up the wonderful opportunities for motoring, and various phases of the winter pleasures in this great playground of the nation, has been instituted, the which he is watching with the keenest of interest.

Popular Dr. Ball

Friends of Dr. Russell Ball, for the last twelve years in charge of Salt Lake railroad affairs in Pasadena, will be glad to know that in the future he is to be known as the general agent, with increased responsibilities and, entre nous, increased salary. Dr. Ball's personal popularity in Pasadena has drawn a great many patrons to the Salt Lake road, and its excellent service has secured for it a goodly proportion of eastern travel.



Lemon Outlook Quite Golden

G. W. Hosford, of San Dimas, field representative of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, dealing with lemons exclusively, in looking over the lemon situation, reports that the outlook throughout the state is exceedingly good. There will be shipments of 9500 carloads from Southern California, an increase of thirty-three and one-third per cent over any previous year. The largest shipments will be from Los Angeles county, which will send out 2000 cars.

Middleman May Breathe Again

Market Director Weinstock believes that "on a large scale it is utterly impracticable to bring producer and consumer into immediate touch. The function of distribution is as imperative and unavoidable as the function of transportation, and the only way that you can eliminate it materially would be to socialize the whole nation by adopting the socialistic doctrine of the state owning all the machinery for production and distribution."

What Will They Do?

That prohibition wave has washed upon the shore many a conundrum. Here is one which Edward D. C. Lynch tells me he found the other day in Detroit. Michigan has gone dry—voted to go dry after April 1, 1918. The hotels and barrooms have been swamped with the query, What are you going to do? To silence further interrogation the following sign has been posted in all Detroit hotels and cafes: "Don't ask what we are going to do. What are you going to do?"

Do your Christmas shopping early, say between 4 and 6 a. m.

* * *

Secretary Tumulty has chosen "I Love You, California," for the bands to play at the inauguration. The silence in the Republican wing of the chorus will be deafening.

* * *

"Fire Perils \$5,000 Chicken." This is quite the most notable example of the high price of foodstuffs that we have seen. Or does she lay golden eggs?



The Same Old Christmas Story

By Holworthy Hall



IT WAS Christmas Eve in the trenches of the Argonne and the Marne. Fortunately for the sake of your emotions, however, the scene of the present dramatic interlude is laid in the trenches of neither the Marne nor the Argonne. For that matter, it was also Christmas Eve in the trenches of the Broadway subway, and the twenty-second of December in Philadelphia.

In the bay-window of the exclusive Seaview Golf Club on the corner of Fourth and Fifth Avenues, Harrington Hetherington sat staring moodily out at the softly falling snow. He was a clean-limbed specimen of American manhood. In attire he was the apotheosis of Vanity Fair; and in physiognomy he was not unlike Mrs. Vernon Castle. His attitude was that of Rodin's "Thinker," and his clothes were made by Lucile.

He was practically alone in the club. Everyone else had gone to spend Christmas out-of-town—everyone but Harrington Hetherington. And as the afternoon wore steadily into dusk, or occasionally reversed, and dashed steadily back toward sunrise, Hetherington relapsed into deeper and deeper melancholy. He had no family. He had no relations. He had no friends. He had no creditors. In all the world, there was no one to seek him out. He had nowhere to go for Christmas. Accordingly, as he slumped into the innermost recesses of his chair, his thoughts unerringly turned to an incident of his youth.

At the age of nineteen he had run away from his home in Newark. He had left behind him a beautiful girl who loved him. It was his intention to accumulate a fortune, and to marry her. For years they had corresponded fatuously. He had sent her gifts, and tokens of his adoration. When he was twenty-one, he sent her a leather pillow-cover with an Indian head on it, and fringe around the outskirts. When he was twenty-six, he sent her a hand-made copy of a Gibson drawing, passepartouted. When he was thirty, he sent her a picture-postcard of Trinity Church. When he was thirty-five, he sent her an automobile pennant from Schenectady, with a message of love in code. The words read, "Excuse my dust," but he knew that she would understand. The eyes of love cannot be deceived.

But eventually they ceased to correspond. He was now a wealthy clubman, and he had forgotten the beautiful girl of his youth. He had forgotten many other things. Among them, he had forgotten that his father had spelled the good old surname "Hetherington" in a curious way. He had spelled it: "Higgins."

As he sat in the exclusive club, and stared out at the kaleidoscopic splendor of varicolored decorations, and the display of March magazines on the brilliantly lighted news-stands, Hetherington thought again of his youth. His conscience gnawed him, and at first he belligerently gnawed back, but at length his bragadocio failed him, and he suffered violently. First, with symptoms of frightful agony, he kindled a cigar, and suffered like that for some time. Later, he swallowed a cooling draught, and found balm for his soul in the awful torment. Little by little the solitude of the club weighed upon him; he could endure it no longer. He rang for a boy. There was no response. He rang the cocktail-gong. Still there was no response. Then he pulled the whistle cord.

A youth hurried into the room and stood trembling. "What's the matter with you?" demanded Hetherington roughly. "What's the matter with the service in this club? I've a good notion to report you to the manager—what's your number? Well, 365, you ought to be fired, and you know it.—Shaking dice out behind the grill, I suppose!"

The well-trained boy stepped to one side so as not to tremble on the priceless rugs.

"N-no, sir," he faltered. "I—I was writing—"

Hetherington guffawed exclusively.

"To Santa Claus, of course," he said with biting sarcasm.

The boy snarled viciously and showed his teeth.

"Y-yes, sir."

"What! What's that? You don't mean to tell me—oh, look here, 365, don't try that excuse! You don't think I'm simple enough to think you believe in Santa Claus!"

"Oh, no, sir—I don't—but—"

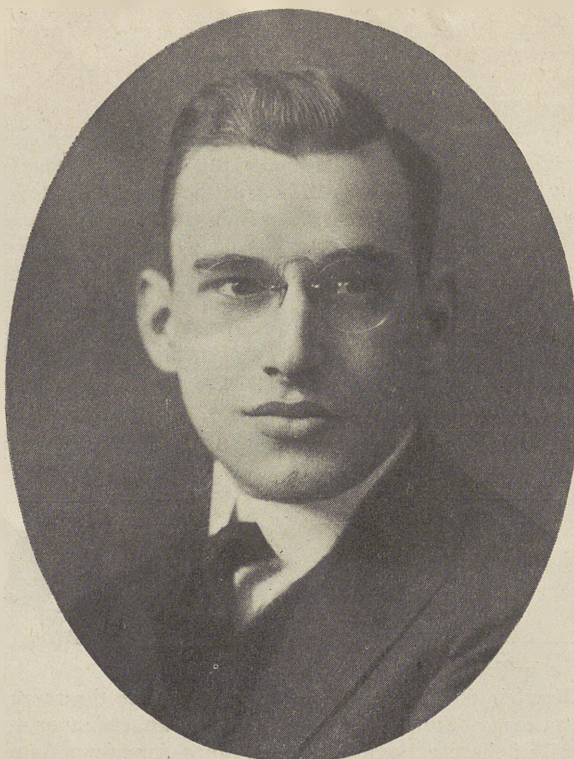
The boy reddened, thrusting his shoulders forward so as to look like Leach Cross.

"It's my little brother and sisters—"

"Go on."

"Well—they believe in Santa Claus—and—and they write letters to him, to hang up with their stockings—"

"Is that any reason for you to write letters—and let me ring three times? Is it?"



Holworthy Hall, author of "Help Wanted," etc.

"Why, you see—if I didn't write a letter, too, and hang it up—they'll think it was queer—and they'd ask questions—and maybe they'd find out—"

"Oh, now I get it—and you want 'em to keep on believing all that rot?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what did you ask Santa Claus for?"

"A few little things—you know how it is, sir—the kids wouldn't understand if I asked for what I really do want—so I asked for some new handkerchiefs—and things like that—"

"Expect to get 'em?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, then you do believe—"

"Why, sir, its this way—in my house there's just my mother and the kids—I'm the only one that's old enough to work—I know I'll get what I asked for, because I took jolly good care to ask for what I know I'm going to get; and the kids will get what they asked for, if things don't cost too much, because—I'm Santa Claus!"

Hetherington gave a Fifth Avenue laugh—long and rich.

"I'll be hanged if you look it!—Well, St. Nick, what do you really want?"

"What I really want," said the boy almost inaudibly, "is for my mother to be happy again—I can't ask Santa for that, can I?"

"No," said the wealthy clubman, thoughtfully, "I'm afraid you can't. Well—hurry up and bring me a mint julep. Christmas! Tom-foolishness? Anyway—let's have a bit of local color. Tell the bartender to put evergreen in it instead of mint."

Left alone, he regarded the ceiling earnestly. "Perfect twaddle, this Christmas idiocy—and yet—when you come to think of it, it is hard on the poor little brats in the tenements. It wouldn't take much to make them happy—a few minutes; a few dollars—"

He rose, and went diffidently to the manager's office,



Modern Gentleman experiencing difficulty in quite explaining to the Knight of Chivalry and the Troglodyte the beatific subtleties of the Too-Proud-to-Fight Philosophy.

and attracted his attention by poking him in the midriff with a malacca cane.

"I want to get some information about 365," he said. "What's his salary?"

"Salary, Mr. Hetherington? Why, the new boys get five dollars a month to start."

"Five dollars!—well, that's pretty high. That's the interest on \$36,500 for one day. That's a lot. I rather thought they weren't paid that much. Still—"

"If you want to make a complaint—"

Hetherington struck him across the face with his gloves, and threw the gloves into the coal-hod.

"Complaint? Who said anything about a complaint? When I want to make a complaint, you'll know it fast enough! I want to find out where he lives!"

"Yes, sir," said the manager hastily. "Just a second, sir."

II

In a humble tenement on Riverside Drive, a very large widow sat surrounded by four starving children. Two of them were starving at the top of their lungs. The apartment was bare, cheerless, and sordid to the point of squalor. It held no furniture—nothing but floor. The radiator was only lukewarm, and hardly tempered the chill which struck deep to the bone, and deeper to the heart.

In their innocent faith, the children had already hung to the jigsawed mantel their stockings, with form letters attached. The youngest girl, who had no stockings, had hung up a union suit. All of them hoped, prayed, believed that Santa Claus would come down the steam pipes, and leave them the simple gifts they craved. And such simple gifts! A doll, a book, and candy for Rosamond; a Teddy bear, a book, and candy for Gwendolyn; an air-rifle and a dark-lantern for Percival; a Rolls-Royce for Ike.

The widow herself was diligently embroidering a canvas derrick-cover by the faint glimmer of a flaming arc light, which was the sole illumination of the tiny room.

"Mother," said Rosamond sleepily, "are you sure he'll come? What odds are you giving?"

"Don't you know?" said Percival, wrapping the morning Tribune around a convenient brick.

"I don't believe there's any Santa Claus," said Gwendolyn stoutly. "I'll take the short end of twenty to one on it."

"What! Ooooh! The thing you said!" They glared at her in speechless horror.

"Well, I don't! Who ever saw him? Jever know anybody that seen him? Then how jer know there is a Santa Claus?"

"Jever see your brains?" retorted Percival. "Then how do you know—"

"She's a wicked, naughty, bad girl, she is! I guess if he heard that, he'd stay away, all right!"

"Mother, I'm hungry!"

"Hush, dear," implored the widow gently. "Be patient, my darlings. We shall soon have food again—say by the middle of February. Ah, if Harrington Hetherington, the rich derrickmaker, only knew how we suffer! I scarcely weigh two hundred and fifty now—and when I was young and healthy—But come!—it's time you were all asleep."

Even under the thin blankets on the thickest part of the floor, the four little children shivered pitifully.

"Mother—we're cold!"

Skilled by long experience in the makeshifts of poverty, she took the front door off the hinges, and laid it gently over them. At length they slept; the lines of pain faded from their little faces, to be replaced by the smiles of pleasant dreams.

With a bitter sigh, the widow resumed her task. Then startlingly, a pair of arms wound around her neck; she looked up into the eyes of her boy Reginald, who worked at the Seaview Golf Club.

"Dear mother," he said, as he kissed her, without removing the Fatima from his mouth, "haven't you finished yet?"

"No, dear—and I must have this done, and get my pay, or the landlord—" She shuddered as she brushed the hot ashes from her lips.

"Mother, have you always got to do such hard work? Isn't there anything easier, or anything that will pay you better? Great Heaven, is there no moral justice in this city?"

"No," she said brokenly, "not one." Tears welled to her eyes, but she wiped them quickly away, for she had taken up the embroidered canvas derrick-cover once more, and feared lest the drops should fall upon and injure the delicate fabric.

"Well—what did the babies ask for?"

"See for yourself," she said. "Reginald, it breaks my heart—"

The boy turned from the childish scrawls attached to the Holeproofs.

"I know—the worst of it is that they'll have to be disappointed—"

"I was afraid of that, dear boy—"

"I've got two dollars; and there's Pol Roger to buy, and oatmeal—I don't see—" He clenched his puny fists, and laughed villainously, as in the third act. "Oh, what's the difference?" he said. "Suppose we are hungry the day after—we're used to it! But to be hungry in the soul on Christmas! No! Those kids are going to have what they want!"

"Reginald! Listen, dear! You mustn't—it's the rent, too—you mustn't! You're not Creosote—"

He paused in the doorway and gave the Chihuahua salute.

"No, mother," he said quietly. "But to the kids I'm something better yet—I'm Santa Claus!"

III

Hetherington looked at the clock. It was a typical club clock. It struck nine, and since the hands were pointing to twenty-seven minutes to four, that proved that it was exactly nineteen minutes past ten. It was time!

He ordered a taxicab; to his amazement there were none to be obtained. Even the chauffeurs, it seemed, were celebrating. He ordered a motor-truck—they were all engaged. Dauntless, he set out on foot. He fought the storm to the shopping district. A United Cigar store remained open—recklessly he ordered whatever suggested itself to his untutored imagination. Toys and dolls, a drum, candy, books, flowers, a dark-lantern, a Teddy bear, an air-rifle, handkerchiefs, a Rolls-Royce, a turkey, vegetables—the complete order was stupendous.

"Send them," he directed, "to 9870 Riverside—"

"Sorry, sir. The last delivery has gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes, sir. Gone."

He looked at the enormous pile, and for a moment he wavered. You could have seen him do it.

"No—they shall not be disappointed! Wrap them carefully, my good man, in a small, compact package—I'll carry them myself!"

Twenty minutes later, burdened almost beyond his immense strength, he faced the storm once more. The street was slippery with thousands of dollars worth of ice, but he staggered courageously onward. He fell frequently, breaking something nearly every time. Once it was a soda-biscuit, once it was the drum-head; once it was a couple of legs; but still he staggered on. His ears were frost-bitten; his arms ached fearfully; his vegetables were frozen solid; but still he staggered on; until at last, several hours after he had reached the absolute limit of his endurance, he saw the lights of the Drive twinkling fitfully before him, and knew that his journey was at an end.

He reached the house, he stumbled into the hallway. He staggered up one flight. Two flights. Three flights. Four flights. Five flights, Six flights, Seven flights. Eight flights. Nine flights. Then he thought to ask where the widow lived. They said it was on the second floor.

He gained the landing. The floor was gone; but he didn't notice it. His mood was above such things. He knocked on the place where the door ought to be, and went in. As he stood in the embrasure, coated with snow, weighted down by bundles tied with holly tape, the widow stared at him keenly—recoiled—screamed—and prepared to faint.

The children lifted their sleepy heads; all at once they scrambled from the bed, and leaped towards him. "Santa Claus!" they shrieked in mad triumph. "Santa Claus!" Hetherington went down under the numbing crash of a sand-bag on his occipital bone; four wild captors pounced upon his chest.

"Hurray!" shouted Gwendolyn. "Hit him with the brick in The Tribune, Percy! 'It's Santa Claus—and we've got him!'"

When he was on his feet, shaken, indignant, he perceived that the widow was leaning breathless against several of the walls. One hand clutched at her breast; the others moved spasmodically towards him.

"Robert!" she choked. "Robert!"

Hetherington reeled dizzily.

"Clarice—you—"

"It ain't Robert—it's Santa Claus!" wailed Rosamond, clinging to his coat-tails. He kicked her off.

"They said you were dead, Robert—they showed me a certificate from a mortuary establishment—we never heard from you—they forced me to marry against my will—"

"Them papers was forged! I—I came here to make my fortune—when I wrote home, they said you were married—Life has been more or less nothing to me since—"

"I thought you hadn't cared—"

"Cared! I loved you! And you have been—here!"

"When himself died, himself left nothing—I have had to support my babies—I am an embroiderer for the Derrick-Cover Company—"

He paled, and put a hand to his throat, and throttled himself.

"Oh—the irony of it!" he gasped, tearing himself loose. "It—it can't be true!—Oh, the pity of it! Clarice—it was with that company that I first found work—and now I'm the president of it—the largest stockholder—I'm Harrington Hetherington!"

"So you changed your name, too! That explains all. It wouldn't have been so hard, Robert, if I could have remembered—or dreamed—that somewhere you were still living—and thinking of me—and for the last nineteen years I've had a warrant out for you for breach of promise, and a civil summons for you on account of the sixty dollars you borrowed from Dad the day you left."

He went swiftly to her, and took her in his arms.

"Dearest," he whispered, "you're free now—is it too late for me to make amends? Can't I atone for the past? Can't I, Clarice?"

"What a funny Santa Claus!" said Isaac to Gwendolyn, as they opened another package and extracted the trading-stamps. "He's kissing mother—isn't it funny? His nerve is all right—but what do you think of his taste?"

V.

The churchbells chimed the hour of midnight. Reginald, bearing three or four small parcels, came noiselessly into the room and halted, spell-bound. Hetherington, his arm nearly all the way around the widow, sat on the floor, surrounded by toys and laughing children. A Christmas tree stood in the corner. A magnificent fire rattled in the radiator. Food was burning on the stove. A bucket of gold eagles hung on the gasjet.

"Mr. Hetherington!" The boy's hand went up in salute. "Yes, sir," he said, automatically, "Rye high, sir."

The wealthy clubman laughed gleefully.

"Come in, old fellow—come on in, St. Nick! Sometimes we get what we ask for after all! Bless you, my boy—you don't know what you've done for us! You're going to be my boy—do you know that? And you're going to college; and your brothers and sisters are going to be educated, whether they like it or not; you're all coming to live with me and be rich and unscrupulous—come on in, 365, this time I'm Santa Claus—and it's Christmas!"

Peace on earth; good form among gentlemen.

The Wonderful Year

(William J. Locke)

In Paris at a small cafe

Our hero Martin and Corinna

Meet the good merchant de bonheur

Who joins them as they finish dinner.

He gives them, for five francs, advice

At which you perhaps may look askance

That they their slender fortunes pool

And start on bicycles thru France.

For Fortinbras with insight keen

Tho he pursues a metier drole

Describes our Martin as a speck

Of dust a-seeking for a soul.

So that his soul he'll surely find

He starts him on this quest alluring.

And Martin swift forgets the years

Of stupid toil he's been enduring.

Corinna has, as assets, youth

A modicum or so of beauty

A bright intelligence and quite

A haughty disregard for duty.

She cares for Martin not one whit

And he for her no love doth cherish.

'Twas simply take what fate supplied

Or go back home. She'd rather perish.

So to Brantome they wend their way.

They find the journey uneventful.

Corinna's unlike Martin's soul

Is unresponsive and resentful.

Their funds exhausted, Martin stays

As waiter in hotel des Grottes.

Corinna with the suffragettes

In London then casts in her lot.

And here the story's well begun

With Mr. Locke we travel far

And ere we're thru we have a glimpse

Of Egypt and the frightful war.

In Locke's inimitable way, it's told—

Quite charming on the whole

Leaving a mist before one's eyes

And gentle laughter in one's soul.

—NANCY LEWIS.

Thackerayana

ONE of the many treasures to be found in the treasure house of Mr. George M. Millard of Pasadena, importer of rare and fine books, is a copy of "Planta's Paris," the guide-book used by Thackeray when in Paris. Not only does it contain his autograph, but a series of jolly little pencil sketches in the margins and blank spaces, two or three of which we reproduce here.

It is interesting to think that this stout square little book belonged to Michael Angelo Titmarsh, as Thackeray called himself, and that in his capacious pocket it probably tumbled and tossed across the Channel.

In those "flying stage" days travelers booked their passage per coach, from the Spread Eagle, Piccadilly, to Paris. On this service the journey from Calais to Paris was performed by the Hirondele in thirty hours. Traveling caps of every order were assumed for com-

fort during the jolting on the road, as Titmarsh's sketch shows.

Thackeray we may reasonably suppose was engaged on materials similar to his "Paris Sketch-Book," or transferring the thrilling thoughts of Beranger into verses which preserve the vitality of that mighty songster. While the young author and his fanciful double are on their daily promenade you may watch him produce his Planta's Paris to receive rapid pencil jottings, slight but graphic, as the subjects present themselves.



A Citizen Soldier

We recognize the reign of the "Citizen King" in the person of one of his citizen soldiers, a worthy National Guard, hurrying from commercial allurements to practise the military duties of a patriot.

Again there is a sketchy reminiscence of Bal Bullier, over the water, close by the Barriere d'Enfer. We may imagine that this recollection has been revived by some flaring affiche posted on the walls regarding a "long night" and the admission of "fancy costumes" at that traditional retreat.

Mr. Titmarsh, after a few practical criticisms of the paintings in the Luxemburg, wanders into the beautiful gardens surrounding this palace of art, and his active pencil finds immediate employment on an ever-recurring group, for wherever bonnes abound there may the soldiers be found.



Montana voters believed a woman's place was in the House.

The Graphic front-page cartoon is by Will Dyson, the famous young Australian, and is reproduced from his "Kultur Cartoons," published at one dollar and with a foreword by H. G. Wells on the artist's work.



Prophets in Their Own Country

By Bruce Bliven



RAINY days when English literary critics have nothing else to do, they amuse themselves by attacking present-day American writers of fiction. Their causes for complaint are three: first, that American fiction is not English fiction; second, that we do not possess Bennett, Wells and Shaw; and third, that American writers make a lot of money. If the day is unusually rainy, or the critic specially vindictive, he adds that American fiction is not truly national in character, being too closely localized, forgetting conveniently that Bennett knows only the Five Towns and the Grand Babylon hotel.

It must be admitted that we take our scoldings meekly. A recent piteous example of American fiction wagging its tail while being walloped, is to be found in the encounter between Edward Garnett and Messrs. Owen Wister and Meredith Nicholson. Garnett, a brisk English critic who was well-acquainted with American writers of thirty years ago, but of late has apparently read only *The Cosmopolitan*, Scribner's and Harold Bell Wright, wrote an article in *The Atlantic* and leaped with both feet upon the solar plexus of American literature. He accused our writers of being sugary; of preaching; and of supporting the self-righteous complacency of a democracy in which the average intelligence is taken as the standard. He said these things in sorrow; and in a reasonable amount of anger, too.

Messrs. Wister and Nicholson answered Mr. Garnett with wails of protest. Punctiliously pretending not to be aware of their own books, they responded that this is a big country; that the magazines pay prices which would curl the edges of any young writer's soul; and that England herself is not free from shilling shockers masquerading as literature. Though at first they pretended to be very fierce with Mr. Garnett, in the twinkling of an eye they had in fact vaulted the wall and were on his side, belaboring America with a right good will. Mr. Nicholson confessed that our writers are shallow and produce too rapidly. No American, he complained, would undress and go to bed merely in order to think, as Flaubert did. Mr. Wister chimed in with an admission that our pioneers established a democracy in which really first class brains were not necessary and that the American tradition of brainlessness is now well-established.

But is there not, after all, a possibility that these worthy gentlemen are not seeing the thing quite fairly? All of them take it for granted that the function of literature is to interpret correctly the life it writes about. America truly is, as they all agree, a big country. How are they so sure that they are competent to judge the fidelity with which American writers from all parts of the Union are interpreting the localized and particular situations they set out to portray? If there were competent literary criticism in the United States we might turn to its pages to know how well or ill our literature was faring; but all three of the writers quoted in the foregoing are convinced that America has no criticism worthy of the name.

Just to make a Roman holiday, therefore, the present writer will boldly declare here and at once that he believes our writers of today are not receiving credit enough for the excellent work which some of them are doing. It is true that the commercialization of many of the magazines has resulted in letting loose upon the public a flood of meretricious twaddle, like the recent work of Robert W. Chambers, *Gouverneur Morris* and others of the salacio-erotic school; but we have a little band of literary artists in this country among the younger men and women whose audience is steadily increasing in size and in earnestness of attention, and who have a right to be considered in their own defense.

The difficulty with the college professors, critics and others who lament the apparent vapidity of American fiction is, it seems to me, that even while they deplore the dominance of English and continental tradition in American letters, they are themselves suffering from inability to criticize American fiction save as it compares with the work done by the English, the French and particularly by the Russians. American writing is too cheerful, they say, having in mind the work of Dostoevsky, Tchekoff, Andreiev and Turgeniev. Yet there are many segments of American life in the interpretation of which the persistent morbid fatalism of the Russians would be ludicrously out of place.

Another favorite lamentation is that our writers are afraid to handle the sex relation as did the giants in France during the last century. Yet who dares say that Owen Johnson's *"The Salamander"* is not as accurate a transcript of a certain phase of New York in 1915 as was Flaubert's *"Madame Bovary"* of provin-

cial France in 1850? Critics must forever guard themselves against the tendency to view the new age in the light of the age just dead; and this is a matter made all the more difficult because by the time a critic's utterances have weight, he is usually old enough to have his gaze fixed on the years that have passed.

It is quite true that the American writer is prone to use of the happy ending; but the phases of American life which have become typical literary material are just the phases which are most apt to "come out all right" for the hero or heroine. When I have said "typical literary material" I have condemned the American literary man with the worst of his seven and seventy damnations. It is true that our writers use a formula, which becomes a rubber stamp with dangerous facility. This is largely the fault of the reading public, nine-tenths of which read only to get a spiritual tickling under the chin: you can get a mild and soporific soul-sensation out of a formula quite as easily as you can from a real work of art.

Who are the American writers of today in whose defense I am taking up these perhaps needless cudgels? High on the list comes Ernest Poole, whose notable *Harbor* is a very fine book. Katherine Fullerton Gerould is doing sincere and powerful work in spite of morbidity, self-conscious gentility, and lack of humor.

Call of the Wild



Chicago Evening Post

Good-bye, Jack!

Mary S. Watts, a novelist, is portraying American life in the Mississippi Valley with the utmost sincerity, craftsmanship and high artistic sincerity made "The somewhat hampered by occasional bigotry in regard to the labor problem. (The American short story writer is on the whole greater than the American novelist at present; but I am taking the liberty of making this list indiscriminate as between the two groups). Henry Kittell Webster in Chicago is sincerely and effectively portraying chorus-girl psychology and the soul struggle of the rich wife who is her husband's plaything. Booth Tarkington has recently written a very good novel, *"The Turmoil"* which is an earnest of better things to come if his public will ever let him stop writing the admittedly delightful Penrod stories.

One of the freshest, most hopeful notes in all English literature today is to be found in the splendid work of Fanny Hurst, who, however, can use, when needed, the Russian gloom our critics like so well; but at all times gives a true and searching picture of her section of America—the New York shop girl. A writer of equal fidelity, though of smaller powers, is Helen Van Campen Green, the interpreter of the telephone girl on duty and of the vaudeville actress in her boarding-house. Alice Brown with her gray-toned stories of New England might fairly be said to bridge the gap between the Boston Olympians of the last generation and our own day. Dorothy Canfield's knowledge of psychology does not prevent her from writing true and interesting stories of the new American woman. Nor must we forget in this hasty listing to give a place to Irvin Cobb, whose splendid early work in the field of fiction must atone for much following of "the formula" during the past year. H. G. Dwight, a young American who has lived long in Constantinople, is writ-

ing fiction which is only weakened by the author's occasional apparent over-sophistication and over-education—faults he will work himself out of, as time goes by. Perceval Gibbon is a young man with much to remind you of Joseph Conrad about him, who will some day write great stories of the sea. Richard Matthews Hallet is another sea writer with a breeze and a tang to him which could easily be irresistible but aren't quite. Rupert Hughes will either yield to "the formula" and write wretchedly bad stories, or rise above it and write very good ones. At present he is half way between them. Melville Davisson Post writes murder and mystery stories of peculiar poignancy, though their power is somewhat marred by the careful and elaborate artificiality of their fabric. William Allen White, a powerful thinker who doesn't care whether he has technique or not, gives us from time to time interesting and surprisingly pessimistic interpretations of life "in our town."

"The formula" to which I have referred once or twice, is beautifully illustrated in the work of a little group of Californians, all of them, it is interesting to not, under the influence of one strong editor in Philadelphia. The formula in America varies somewhat from year to year; at present its chief ingredients seem to be the happy ending, thoroughly likable characters, plenty of swift action, and a style with the brilliancy, snap and sparkle in it which are the heritage of O. Henry to his spiritual children. Charles E. Van Loan, who resides in Los Angeles and writes delightfully of motion picture people, horse racing, baseball and occasionally of prize fighting, is an almost perfect example of how the skillful use of the formula enables one to write almost the same story over and over so that the result is always fascinatingly interesting, though it has not an ounce of real literature to the ton. Peter B. Kyne, from San Francisco, writes the same story that Mr. Van Loan does, but puts it in a business setting, and is equally irresistible to the fascinated audience awaiting him from week to week. Harry Leon Wilson, who resides at Carmel, uses the external form demanded by "the formula" but puts his own sawdust into the doll, with results which frequently lift his work far above mediocrity, and are occasionally a real contribution (as the club women say); as was that charming youngster "Bunker Bean," and his impeccable brother "Ruggles." Wilbur Hall, also of Los Angeles, is a newcomer who handles the formula with the skill of a veteran, and whose work is broad enough in sweep to make us believe that were he permitted to go outside the limitations set by editorial desire, he could do very good things indeed. In this same group of men ought to be mentioned Richard Washburn Child, Jimmie Hopper, and George Patullo.

Though the realist holds possession of the field of battle, the romanticist has many a wriggle in him yet. John Fleming Wilson cunningly imitates the realists in his scenes, but writes soul-histories which any Russian could understand. Harris Merton Lyon and Seumas MacMannus both know how to tell a fairy tale, and James B. Connolly falls in love with his own prose in every story he writes. The work of this last group is particularly interesting because it indicates a broadening of the editorial mind we are always glad to see.

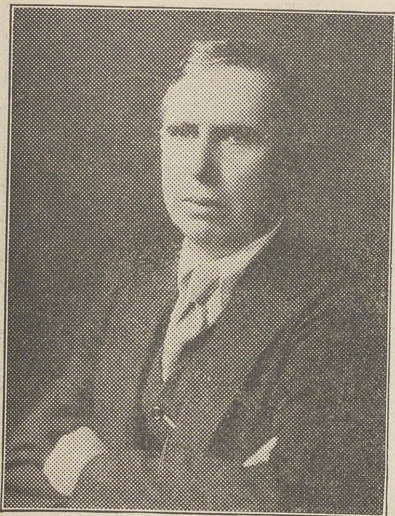
What may we expect from American fiction in the immediate future? Will it be better or worse than what we have today?

Insofar as the editors of our magazines have anything to say, it may be worse. The commercialization of our periodicals is probably not even yet complete; and the harder the rest of them follow the catchpenny trail of *The Cosmopolitan*, the worse the plight of literature. In this case, however, fiction may take comfort from the history of her sister art, the drama. When the commercial theater had become about as bad as it could get a movement of protest broke out all over the country in the form of Little Theaters and Amateur Players and experimental dramatic workshops. All of these have had and are having a most inspiring and beneficial influence on the stage. When the magazines have sold out body and soul; when every author must have a "big name" and every story must have "a punch," we shall see the whole country breaking out with a rash of little magazines with local circulation and without financial ambition, whose excuse for being is to let the younger, fresher voices make their thin pipings heard amid the uproar of our modern Babylon. In the meantime, critical Pundits to the contrary notwithstanding, America has no dearth of men who are not only good technicians—every writer is a good technician nowadays—but who have something to say, and are saying it with all their might.

Book Reviews

Dreiser's "Hoosier Holiday"

Three men in an auto—Theodore Dreiser, Franklin Booth and "Speed," novelist, artist and chauffeur—motor across four states and traverse a fifth from end to end enjoying the novelties en route, philosophizing and reconstruct-



Theodore Dreiser

ing the past. Leaving the bright lights and artificialities of New York City these three on a pleasure tour take the open road, stopping here and there as suits their vagrant fancy to make a more extended though no less informal view of certain places, or mayhap to sketch a scene that appeals particularly to them. At the end of this "Hoosier Holiday," having visited every place in which he had lived up to sixteen years of age, and touched, helplessly, on every pleasant and unpleasant memory that he had known in that period, he observes that "the whole region is haunted"—"The land had yielded a strange crop of memories and of characteristics to be observed."

By way of Water Gap, straight through Pennsylvania, stopping at Wilkes-Barre, the artistic city of coal mines where Franklin sketches; at Scranton, a typical American town of the

thousand class which he describes somewhat petulantly but so truly as we all know it.

At Factoryville they observe the typical country town, each according to his bent; at Nicholson they wonder at the marvelous bridge; at Binghamton they recall the fame of Kilmer's Swamp Root and Ansco Cameras and the long-fought film suit of the latter company; they talk with the traveling peddler of a soap of his own invention and manufacture and do many trivial and interesting things that makes the story lively. And Speed spins a few Baron Munchausen tales of which the account of a wildcat fight is the climax, these creatures coming together in a field "they came along on their hind feet and when they got together each began to claw and climb up the other. In fifteen minutes they were out of sight," he relates unblushingly, "in the air, each one climbing rapidly up the other; but the farmer who observed them could hear them squalling for two hours after they were out of sight, and froth and hair fell for two days!"

Not until Chapter Thirty-three, which is half-way through the bulky volume, does the party reach Fort Wayne, which Dreiser does not find of great interest. They stop to visit an old settlers' fair at Columbia City and to absorb types, Wabash, Peru, ("winter home of Hagenbeck's and Wallace's combined shows, b'gosh!"), Kokomo, where Riley "once worked in a print shop," through Westfield, an old Quaker settlement, to Carmel and Indianapolis—but Warsaw is the goal and the place of many memories. It is a curious study of a man's soul growth as viewed in his older age; as well as of the country and its people as he finds them after many years.

Reading this latest of Dreiser's books a new and hopefully interesting light is thrown on his peculiarly analytical and at times, seemingly, blackly pessimistic novels and dramas. In other words, he is not so terrible as he talks, the hope and human sweetness of sympathy is there. That he should speculate so pessimistically and almost fiercely on certain conditions is but the artist's inquisitiveness and the result of peculiar home conditions that indelibly marked the mind of the sensitively impression-

able youth who loved nature passionately and with a poet's fancy. He was introspective in extreme, a reader and under the handicap of a sensitiveness to their financial circumstances. Of those early boyhood days and the thoughts that surged within him he tells frankly as he again views those scenes, in Southern Indiana, after an absence of seventeen years or thereabouts in the great world. In that time he had grappled with the problem of life and making a living in the heat of the bitter struggle, had traveled abroad in many lands and



Will Irwin, author and war correspondent

had learned to consider men and nations comparatively and had won a niche in the world of writers—although frequently contested and still being contested.

Profusely and beautifully illustrated by the crayon sketches by Franklin Booth the volume is attractive within and without, to the mind and the eye and the heart in its very human tone and its pictures of the middle west and the American people as they are every day. It is one of the most significant books of the season. ("A Hoosier Holiday." By

Theodore Dreiser. Illustrated by Franklin Booth. John Lane Co. Bullock's.) P. R.

"With Sam Houston in Texas"

In "With Sam Houston in Texas" Mr. Sabin has produced a high-class book for boys and men, who will find in this new story plenty of patriotism, adventure and fight.

Sam Houston should justly be regarded as a great American. He laid his course and steered by it utterly regardless of the opposition. Strong characters are known as much by the enemies that they make as by the friends that they retain. When they launch into a course that they deem is right, they do not depend upon fair winds. They go ahead, if they have real faith. Threats, ridicule and dangers do not daunt them. Sometimes they may pause, to renew their courage; but they proceed again on the same line.

Such a character was Sam Houston. To his friends he was loyal; to his enemies he was unyielding; his ideals were high; and he loved his country. Whatever he undertook, he undertook with his whole might, in spite of censure and discouragements. This book deals with him chiefly as the six-months' general who, out of seeming defeat, achieved the triumph of Texas arms, and at one stroke established Texas independence. But we ought to admire him as a patriot statesman, rather than as a military commander.

There is no more romantic epoch in the history of North America than that of the founding of the Republic of Texas, and Mr. Sabin in his illuminating way makes the time live again in the adventures of Ernest, the boy friend of Sam Houston. The lad is going up the Missouri River in a paddle wheel steamer; the steamer overturns and he is given up for lost upon not appearing from the wreckage. He is, however, not lost but reaches the opposite bank from his friends. He meets his hero, the immortal Sam Houston, scout, soldier, and statesman. Sam takes to the lad, and in the following years they share a thrilling series of adventures, culminating in the battle of San Jacinto, in which Sam Houston defeats the Mexican Army and captures their general, Santa Anna. ("With Sam Houston in Texas." By Edwin L. Sabin. J. B. Lippincott Co. Bullock's.)

Holiday Festivities at the Alexandria

The many magnificently appointed banquet rooms at the Hotel Alexandria provide exceptional facilities for public and private luncheons, receptions, dinners, suppers, afternoon teas, theatre parties, weddings, etc.

On account of its luxurious equipment and superb service, the Alexandria is always chosen as the place to hold smart functions.

The Alexandria Grill

Guests are always assured of the best cuisine whether in the Grill or other dining rooms of the Hotel.

The business men's table d'hôte luncheon is served daily in the Grill at the uniform price of 75c and an after-theatre supper at \$1.00 per plate.



A characteristic pen and ink sketch showing the Hotel's location in the very heart of the downtown shopping and theatre district.

The Alexandria Ball Room

The beautiful Alexandria Ball Room has been redecorated throughout and put in condition to take care of the winter season's balls, parties, banquets, etc.

New Year's Eve Dinner

Reservations should be made at once for the New Year's Eve Dinner. From present indications the demand will tax our capacity.

Book Reviews

Mr. Britling Sees It Through

H. G. Wells' latest book, "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," is not only a fine literary feat, but an extraordinary mental and moral achievement as well—an achievement which has not even been approximated by any other literary man of the warring countries except George Bernard Shaw and Romain Rolland. We have long known that Mr. Wells is the possessor of that rarest, most precious of phenomena, a mind at once both vigorous and facile, sturdy and mobile.

The thing which makes this book a remarkable achievement is the way in which Wells rises above the psychological limitations of nationality and views the war and all its participants with an Olympian justice which would be amazing were he a citizen of any of the neutral countries, and is almost incredible for an Englishman. The achievement is rendered all the more surprising by the fact that the book is closely localized in England, all the scenes occurring 'round about the country home of Mr. Britling, the eminent novelist. In some ways Mr. Britling seems like an autobiographical sketch of Mr. Wells himself; but again one is forced to conclude that many characteristics are fictitious unless Wells is possessed of a hitherto-unsuspected frankness which makes Amiel and Bashkirtseff seem taciturn.

"Mr. Britling Sees It Through" is the psychological history of this novelist before and during the war. The hero—if the chief personage in a Wells book may be called such—is seen through the eyes of the American visitor in his home whom Wells has portrayed briefly but accurately, with an astonishing amount of shrewd insight into national character. In the later pages of the book this Americanized perspective is abandoned and we are given a frankly subjective point of view.

August, 1914, marked a turning point in the world's history. Something has

gone since that day which never can be recaptured, and one realizes poignantly how completely this is true when one sees the skill with which Wells has reconstructed the spirit of those ante-bellum days. The last few chapters of the novel rise to a height of spiritual beauty and insight which are a little finer than anything else Mr. Wells has done; although the book itself as a novel is not

gory in "Mr. Britling" is simpler than in any other serious book by this author; and the tale is perhaps all the greater because of that fact.

This is a soul-shaking book; and it ought to be against the law for glib young men to review it in a hurry as has been done many times during the past few weeks in America. (The Macmillan Company). BRUCE BLIVEN



Corra Harris, author of
"A Circuit-Rider's Widow"

quite up to the mark set by "The Research Magnificent."

To recount the tale of events narrated in the story would be unfair to it and to the reader; only Wells himself can tell a typical Wells story and make it seem significant and important. You always catch a vision of the wider social implication behind his books; you always suspect him of writing sociological allegories as he very frankly did in his wonderful early romances. The alle-

"In Spacious Times"

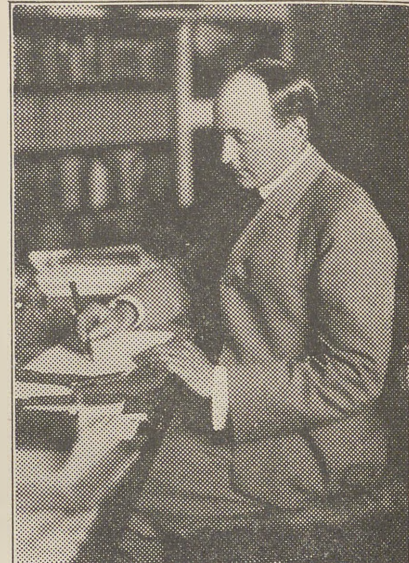
Any book from the author of "If I Were King" attracts immediate attention. Especially is this true if one remembers the performance of the dramatization of that work, which was the initial play on the stage of the Mason Opera house—then a thing of pride to Los Angeles. Justin McCarthy believes in the romantic mission of fiction. The middle ages and later ones furnish him with his characters and settings and he loves to leave these days of scientific thought, photographic backgrounds and machine-made war to revel in the niceties of powder, hoops and patches, small swords and perukes. And so, in taking up "In Spacious Times" one is not surprised to be set back into the days of "Good Queen Bess," into her final days when she masqueraded in paint and wig and aped the manners of a young and giddy princess. Which she was not, being an aged spinster, gaunt of figure and bony of finger. This is a tale of a man and a maid—as are most books of the kind—yes, several men and a maid, but more particularly the maid. Clarendon Constant is a lady of honor at the court of the Queen who is sought in marriage by a septuagenarian lord who is the advisor to the Queen. She is kidnapped by a doughty sea captain who is a wooer also and encounters many thrilling adventures. 'Tis a pretty tale for love-lorn lassies and languishing lads, and even for him who loveth adventure. But it breathes the air of three centuries ago and fits the present day as a pillory would befit a Mogul engine or a small sword would find place beside

a seventy-five-centimeter gun. ("In Spacious Times." By Justin McCarthy. John Lane Company. Bullock's.)

W. F. G.

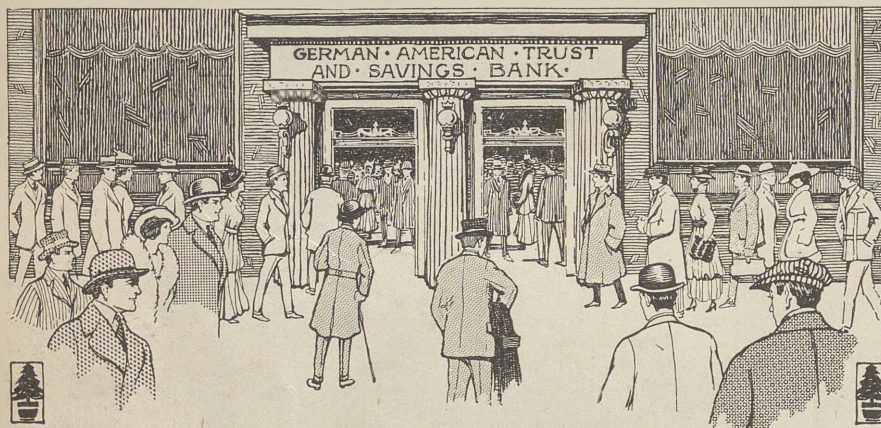
"The Invisible Balance Sheet"

In this modern, up-to-date novel one finds the delicious humor, the sparkle, the philosophy and the poetic quality which characterize the author's earlier



Stewart Edward White, author of
"The Leopard Woman"

works. The story is of a young man of complex nature who is given the choice between relinquishing the girl he loves and inheriting sixty million dollars. Life, as lived in that glittering circle known as New York Society, is presented in all its dazzling allurements, and the author etches it with no uncertain hand. ("The Invisible Balance Sheet." By Katrina Trask. John Lane Co. Bullock's.)



Headquarters for Christmas Bank Accounts



GAIN THE GERMAN AMERICAN TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK is headquarters for the large number of Los Angeles people who have found in Christmas Bank Accounts the solution to the Christmas problem.

Practical—appropriate—inexpensive—adapted to all ages and degrees of relationship,—these gifts steadily grow in favor, and find their way into an increasing number of Los Angeles homes each year.

The appropriate stationery and greeting cards for the presentation of the Gift Accounts have been selected this year with unusual care, and add greatly to the attractiveness of the gift.

As usual, Christmas Bank Accounts may be opened with \$1.00 or more—in the name of Minors or Adults.

Home Safes in special Christmas boxes may be secured with each account and if desired, delivered free.

MAKE YOUR ARRANGEMENTS NOW AT THE NEW ACCOUNT DEPARTMENT

German American Trust & Savings Bank
Spring at Seventh St - Los Angeles
Savings - Commercial - Trust

If a man should write to Santa Claus with the simple faith that his children do, he would probably say something like this:

Dear Old Man—

For all these years you have been filling the stockings of the universe. You have got a heap of glory out of it, and I don't begrudge you a bit.

The folks are going to give me something this year, of course. They always do. But tell 'em won't you that I am not collecting curios.

I Do Not Want

a new collar for the dog, a box of flowers, a box of candy, a bottle of perfume, or some nickel cigars.

But there "are" things I do want.

Some of them I must have. If I get them, they will save me money.

Others I should like to have, but wouldn't buy for myself. If somebody would only give them to me, it would be great!

So will you kindly give this list your attention, old friend.

I Should Like—

some new neckties; nobody ever has quite enough ties (50c to \$3). And some SILK SHIRTS—every man likes to have a few, (\$5 to \$10).

I could use a good sweater, (\$3 to \$10), or a knitted vest, (\$5 and \$6). A woolly auto scarf, (\$1 to \$5).

I really need some linen handkerchiefs. It looks as though we will soon have to use cotton handkerchiefs, so while they are still obtainable and reasonable, I could use a couple of dozen nice sheer ones, (25c to 75c each).

I am a candidate for admission into some new pajamas, (\$1.50 to \$3). As I sleep in a sleeping porch, I prefer the rannette sort, (\$1.50 to \$3).

A COAT would be a big improvement on the old coat I wear around the house, (\$5 to \$20).

My SILK HAT is a little behind the times, (\$7 to \$8).

It is about time I had a new pair of GLOVES, but unless someone gives them to me, I shall probably go on wearing my soiled ones, (\$1 to \$5).

Everybody thinks he is harder on SOCKS than anybody else. I am. Some silk socks would certainly come in handy, (50c to \$2.50).

And if anybody wants to save me a nice bit of money as well as improve my appearance I am a candidate for a NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES or a NEW OVERCOAT, (suits \$15 to \$40; overcoats \$15 to \$40).

Yours hopefully,

A MAN

P. S.—And as you love me, fail not to tell 'em to buy the things in a MAN'S Store.

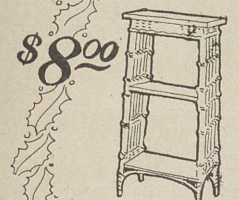
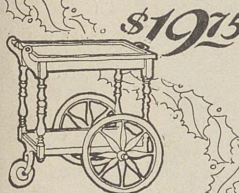
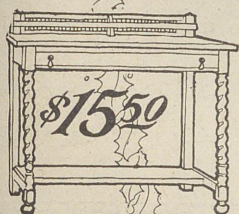
F.B. Silverwood
"The Store With a Conscience."
Broadway at 6th.



Furniture, The Gift of Gifts for Family or Friends



\$2.25



—and from Barker Bros.' Wonderful Holiday Stock Choosing Will Be Easy

For old or young, family or friend, there's exactly the right gift at Barker Bros. Things worth-while that folks REALLY WANT. Thousands and thousands of them at trifling cost, or for as much more as you wish to spend.

Furniture is a Real gift—useful, beautifying, comfort according. Everyone, every home, has furniture needs that someone ought to satisfy. The sort of furniture at Barker Bros. will "fill the bill" precisely.

But furniture is not all that you'll find at Barker Bros. Thousands of other home furnishing things that will make the very finest kind of gifts—things that will please and delight, are here too.

This big store is one of America's greatest Holiday Gift Headquarters. Make one of your first shopping trips to Barker Bros. Welcome, if only to look; and don't forget, shop early in the month, early in the day.

Here Are Gifts That Will Satisfy:—

Decorated furniture—the vogue of the day—and a most pleasing one!

The vogue of now in home-furnishing is for color. The revival of decorated furniture is not a passing fancy but rather an expression of the tendency of the times. The dull, sombre and conservative are giving way to sunshine and brightness—and our homes are more beautiful for it.

Decorated pieces in our immense stock at a wide range of prices include the following: Chairs, Rockers, Nest Tables, Folding Top Tables, Console Stands, Sewing Tables, Gate-leg Tables, Desks, Tea Tables, Bird Cages, Sofas, Davenport Tables, Davenport End Tables, Tea Wagons, Muffin Stands. These pieces are finished in many different lacquers and colors.

Handsome Living Room Furniture Appropriate, Dignified and Practical.

Davenports, Chairs, Rockers, Tall Clocks, Bookcases, Overstuffed Furniture, Sewing Tables, Nest Tables, Gate-leg Tables, Console Tables and Mirrors, Tilt Top Tables, Spinnet Desks, Lid Desks, Table Desks, Odd Tables and Stands, Magazine Stands, Tabourets, Foot Stools, Ferneries, Book Troughs, Pedestals, Smokers' Stands, Card Tables.

New Bedroom furnishings would very likely enthuse wife or daughter!

Home means more to the feminine members of the family than any other place. The bed chambers are about the most important rooms of all to wife and daughters. Therefore, make them as pretty, cosy, and attractive as possible.

Articles of an appropriate gift nature are Night Stands, Ivory Reed Cretonne Covered Arm Chairs and Rockers, Ivory Reed Lamps, Brass and Steel Beds, Wardrobe Couches, Couches, Pillows, Mattresses, etc.

Pianos, Player Pianos, Phonographs, Sewing Machines make ideal Christ- mas Gifts.

Allow us to suggest: A Grand or Upright Piano, Player Piano, Piano Bench, Music Cabinet, Victor Victrola, Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph, Edison Diamond Ambrola, Columbia Grafonola, A Dozen Phonograph Records, or a FREE Sewing Machine.

"Better" Home
Furnishers and
Interior Decorators

Barker Bros
ESTABLISHED - 1880

YOUR Christmas Gift Store

724-738 So. Broadway

Gifts at trifling cost, and gifts the price of which is much will be found in Barker Bros.' Gift Department in widest variety and value—Mezzanine Floor.

—and regardless of the cost, each article can be depended upon for its artistic and worthy character. Visitors are always welcome—just to look, if you please.

Some worthy Gift Art Objects are: Art Lamps, Silk and Parchment Shades, Italian Marble Lamps, Imported Italian Marble Statuary and Pedestals, Alabasters, Framed and Unframed Pictures, Picture Framing, Mirrors for Bedroom and Hall, Art China, Bric-a-Brac, Book Blocks, Candle Sticks, Tooled Leather Goods, Trays, Swiss Carved Novelties, Mantel Clocks, Decorated Flower and Waste Paper Baskets, Terra Cotta Ornamented Cement Pieces, Vogue Novelties, Brass and Copper Goods and Hundreds of others.

Household Linens and Bedding for gifts or for home outfitting can be best bought at Barker Bros.

Some other very appropriate gifts are among the following: Scallop and Cut Corner Bed Spreads, Hemstitched Sheets, Hemstitched Pillow Cases, Table Cloths, Cluny Table Sets, Hemstitched Napkins, Madeira Sets, Automobile Robes, Steamer Rugs, Blankets, Comforts, etc.

Give the "Home" a Present.

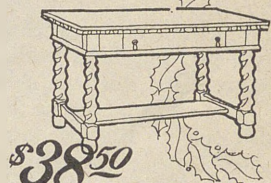
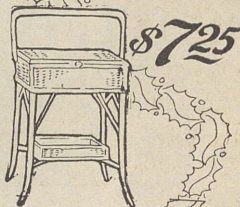
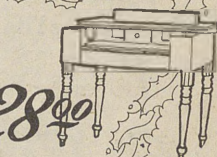
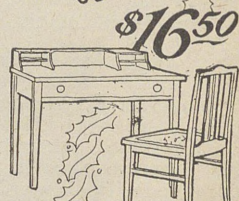
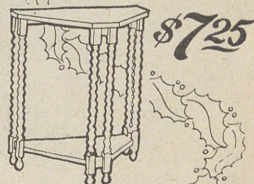
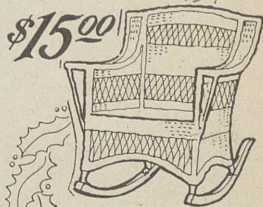
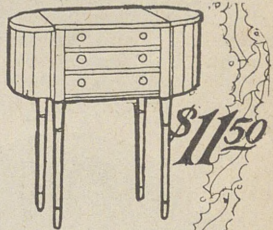
We suggest Imported and Domestic Pottery, Jardinieres, Aluminum Ware, Electric Lamps, Vacuum Suction Cleaners, Electric Washing Machines, Fireless Cook Stoves, Refrigerators, Gas Logs, Andirons, Folding Screens, Spark Guards.

Breakfastrooms can be made more charming with our beautiful, dainty and distinctive furniture in enamel, other finishes, and "Quality" Reed.

Among a host of fitting and appropriate Gifts we name: China Cabinets, Serviettes, Muffin Stands, Ferneries, Serving Tables, Tea Wagons, Dinner Gongs, etc.

For the Children We Suggest:

Ivory and decorated suites, dressers, wardrobe chiffoniers, chairs, nursery chairs, rockers, dining tables and chairs, china closets, buffets, porch furniture, roll top desks, writing tables, doll beds, doll cradles, doll bassinets, high chairs, kindergarten tables and chairs, wardrobes, dressing tables, table and chair sets, Windsor rockers, mattresses, velocipedes, hand cars, sulkies, bicycles, tricycles, automobiles, biplane fliers, gliders, express wagons.



The Christmas
Gift Store

Los Angeles

Book Reviews

"Aesop's Fables" in New Edition

This is the best edition of one of the world's best books. How many of us know that "an Aesop" in Greek meant a humped back, and it was for this reason that the famous old slave with a humped back was called Aesop. The name, indeed, has now come to stand for a fabulist, and the back is forgotten. Lokman and Nassen were called the Aesops of Arabia—meet them in the Arabian Nights; John Gay's two claims



Meredith Nicholson, author of "The Proof of the Pudding"

to fame are his authorship of the first "London Musical Show," and as the English Aesop: La Fontaine was the Aesop of France, Lessing of Germany, and Bidpay of the third century the Aesop of India. Now we have a true American Aesop, Frederick Burr Oppen, the creator of Happy Hooligan and other classics! This edition, published by Lippincott, makes him indeed worthy of the name! Incidentally, Caxton translated and printed the first edition in English, just four hundred and thirty-two years ago.

If a magic wand could make old Aesop's friends—the Ape, the Fox, the Crow,

the Crane, the Eagle, the Lamb, the Raven, the Cock, the Wolf, the Cat, the Frog, the Mouse and others of the glorious company come to life to examine the Twentieth Century editions of the fables of which they are the heroes, they would doff their hats to Mr. Oppen and say: "You have the humor, the fun and the spirit of us all—thank you!" All the fables that you and your young friends want are here and with them, the fascinating illustrations by the great cartoonist.

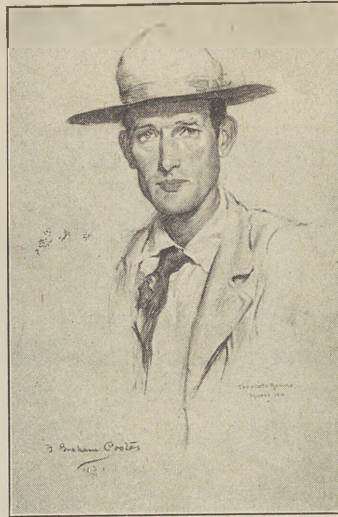
Is it to be wondered that Mr. Oppen made a delightful collection of pictures since he expresses himself as follows: "I am glad this book is about animals, birds and insects because I like them. I like all animals except the skunk and him I respect. I like all birds except the rooster and I would like him if he did not get up so early. I like all insects which can be mentioned in polite company and though I do not like reptiles, I am sorry for them. I used to think it a pity that nature did not give our fellow creatures of the animal kingdom the power of speech. Their talk would be more interesting than ours, but perhaps it is just as well as it is. Men would teach them to lie and swear, and they might tell tiresome stories and circulate gossip. A dog fight would be a good deal worse than it is if the dogs would call each other names while they were fighting." Yes, indeed, Oppen was the man to illustrate this greatest of all animal books. ("Aesop's Fables." 100 illustrations. By F. B. Oppen. J. B. Lippincott. Bullock's.)

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These volumes virtually constitute a history of American politics, from early colonial times to the Lincoln-Douglas Debates. The method of treatment is primarily logical—that is, by subjects, and secondarily chronological, the sub-

jects in each volume being arranged in historical order in which the issues concerned came to the front in American politics. Part I deals primarily with questions chiefly related to constitutional and international law, administrative functions, etc., that is politics in the narrow sense of the term. Part II deals with economic questions.

A more extensive review of this important work will appear in a later number of The Graphic. ("American Debate. Vols. 2. By Marion Mills Miller. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Bullock's.)



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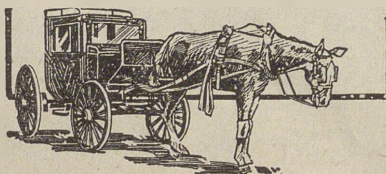
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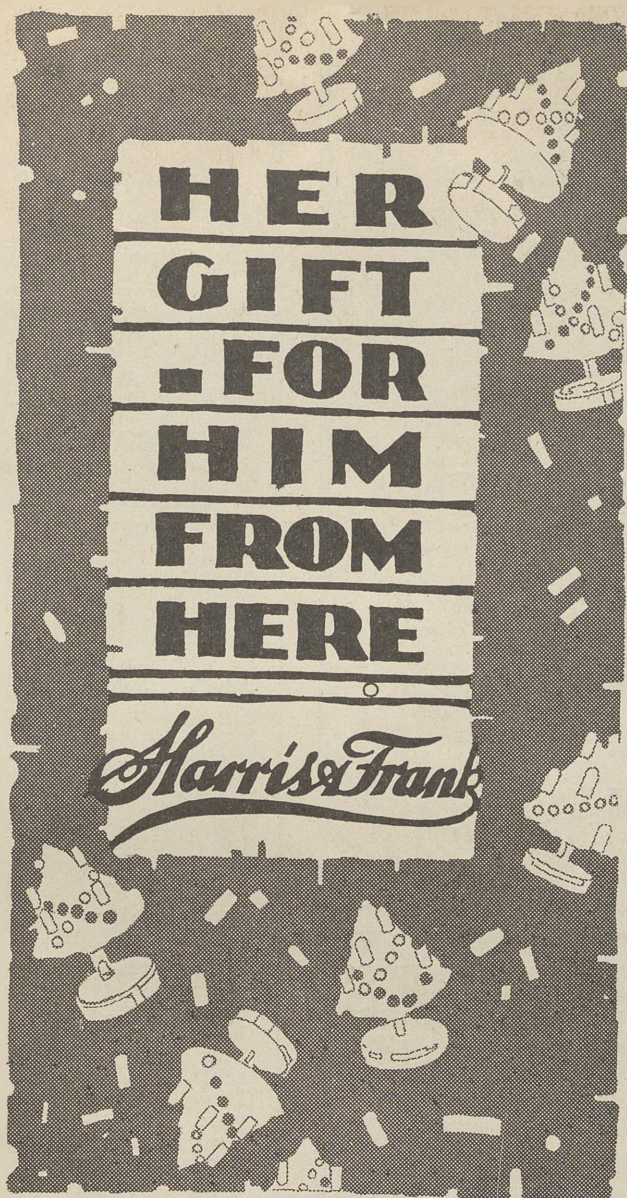
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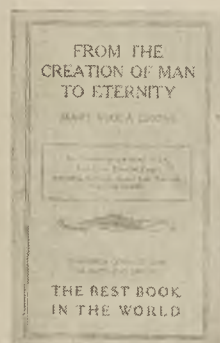
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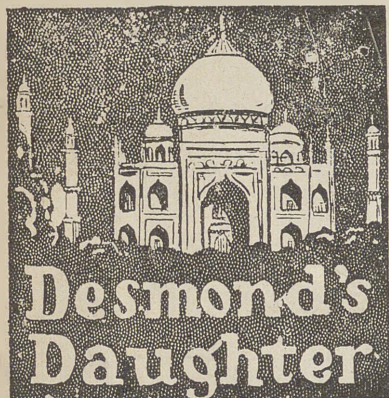
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Book Reviews

"English Influence on U. S."

To explain the "Englishman to the American and the American to the Englishman and thus conduce to the mutual understanding which is the basis of a firm friendship" is the worthy object of the author in this comparative study of "English Influence on the United States." Both elements of English administration during the Middle Ages were transferred to the New World. That of communal



R. S. Ingersoll, author of
"Open That Door!"

assent and approval developed into the New England town meeting; while the manorial held in the plantations of Virginia and the South.

The policy of isolation followed by the United States since the Revolution, her failure to share the extraordinary political development of Great Britain, her view of a strong army and navy as an aggression on neighbors, and the importance attached to the activities of private individuals as merely responsible for the maintenance of law and order in

the United States, are given as reasons why Americans might not comprehend a delicate situation intimately connected with national life and, therefore, might not be acceptable to many Englishmen, as arbiters after the Great War.

Dr. Cunningham feels that most Americans view the British Empire with eighteenth century eyes and fail to comprehend its twentieth century policy which is to "insist on the sanctity of human life and to leave subject peoples free to carry out their own self development and to fit themselves for life under conditions which the progressive forces of modern commerce and industry are introducing."

President Wilson's European policy is weighed and found wanting, and the people of the United States are reminded that "No nation can justify a claim to leadership in promoting the cause of humanity which is content to look on at the troubles of a neighbor as if they did not concern her." This short treatise is the work of a mature and masterly mind, and is deserving of close attention. ("English Influence on the United States." By W. Cunningham, D. D., F. B. A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Bullock's.)

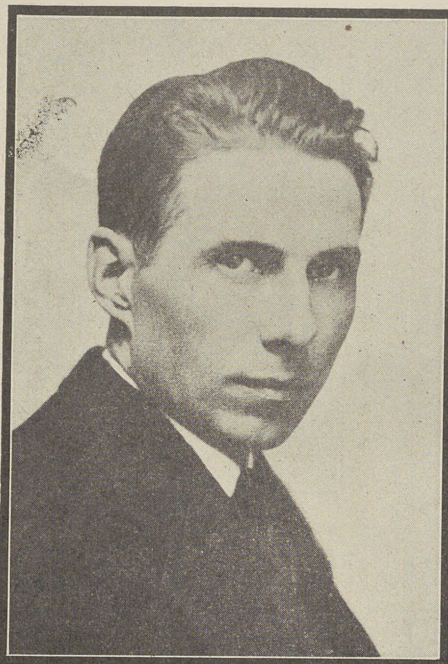
Ernest Poole, Author of "The Harbor"

One would have expected the author of "The Harbor" to be a New Yorker by birth and heritage inasmuch as the book is an intimate study of the great metropolis. But Ernest Poole is a Chicagoan, and it was not until after his graduation from Princeton that he first went to New York to live. It is not strange, therefore, that he so emphatically declares that "The Harbor" is not autobiography, but fiction.

Mr. Poole's first knowledge of New York came to him through the settlement. Immediately after his college days he went to live for three years in the University Settlement in the heart of the teeming lower East Side. For months he studied at first hand the hundreds of small urchins who slept out on the streets around Park Row and frequented the dives of Chinatown. Out of this grew magazine articles which appeared in McClure's, Colliers, and elsewhere, and which had much to do in arousing the public to these hitherto neglected forms of child labor. Later he

joined the committee then starting the crusade against tuberculosis and under the direction of the New York Health Department he spent six weeks in one of the worst blocks in the city, "the Long Block," down under Brooklyn Bridge, which he re-christened "Lung Block"—a name by which it has since been known. In the great Chicago stock yard strike, Mr. Poole was the Outlook correspondent.

In 1905 Mr. Poole went to Russia to watch the attempted revolution there.



Ernest Poole

With him from exiles in Paris he carried a large sum of money for the revolutionists. He joined in their activities and many and exciting were his experiences. One of these was the discovery that his boon traveling companion was a Japanese agent (Japan and Russia being at war) whose real mission in Russia was to find out whether the revolutionists down in the Caucasian mountains would accept some eighty thousand guns

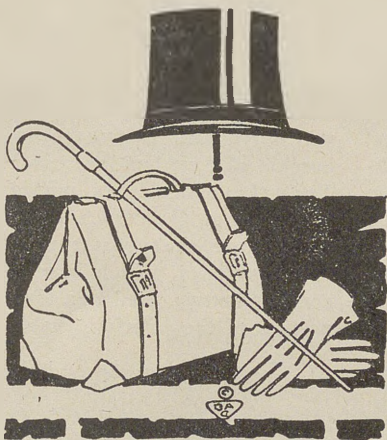
as free gifts from the Japanese to use in revolt against the Czar.

"From the Creation of Man"

This is a neat, well-written and handy volume intended as a text-book of the scriptures for those who have not made an exhaustive study of this world book. The matter is mostly the Scripture text paraphrased in a very simple way, and hence suitable for Sunday School work. The work is simply a paraphrase in outline of the entire Bible except the book of Job and the Revelation of St. John. The author wisely omits the chronological dates of the earlier periods. She has made the book especially valuable by a systematic outline of the various parts which she has denominated "Periods" and "Dispensations." These divisions are arranged in a simple and scientific way. Especially valuable for children and youth are the short questions at the end of each lesson. Another fine feature of the book is the introduction of the outline maps of the countries mentioned. She makes no pretension exegetic or homeletic study, nor does she explain the symbolic and metaphoric style of the different periods. Very little space, except here and there at the beginning of a lesson, is given to commentary or explanation, this she leaves to the theological schools and more advanced students of the word. Its great value lies in the simplicity of the paraphrasing and the systematic outlines of its various parts. A suitable book for young people's societies, Sunday schools and day schools and those who do not have time to make an exhaustive study of the Bible. ("From the Creation of Man to Eternity." By Mary Viola Gross, Warren T. Potter, Los Angeles.) JAS. BLACKLEDGE

"From the Heart of the Veld"

Those who are interested in South Africa or are contemplating a journey there may read this book with interest and appreciation as it gives in minute detail an interesting account of the life of the veld. Written by a woman who has lived for many years buried in the hills where one sometimes does not see the face of another white woman for months at a time. ("From the Heart of the Veld." By Madeline Alston, John Lane, Co. Bullock's.)



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Now, George, if you want to solve your Christmas-giving problem in a most satisfactory manner simply come down to the Citizens Trust and Savings Bank and open Christmas-gift accounts for those whom you wish to remember.

This bank keeps open until ten o'clock at night, and opens accounts for any amount from one dollar up. Love to all the folks.

Helen

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Mrs. May Sutton Bundy

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is called America's Playground. How well it deserves the name is conceded by every visitor whose trips take him about the beautiful country regions surrounding Los Angeles, where he may observe what facilities man has provided to supplement the provision nature makes for creating here the greatest amateur sport center to be found anywhere in this country, a sporting center where winter does not curtail the following of a favorite pastime.

Golf, tennis, polo and yachting, these are the principal diversions of sport lovers in this section, many of whom have come here to live that they may enjoy the games throughout the year. To these sports must be added the remarkably high standard of athletics fostered by the high schools and colleges and by the athletic clubs. Baseball, football of three styles, American, Rugby and soccer, basketball, track and field athletics, amateur boxing and wrestling, water sports, trap shooting—all are given attention and no outdoor game ever played by Americans is neglected in this favored region.

Perhaps the most popular game in Southern Califor-



Riding in the Mountains

nia, considering the question of popularity merely from the number of persons who actually participate, is golf; and nowhere else in the United States are finer country clubs to be found. The largest and best known of these organizations is the Los Angeles Country Club, located on a commanding site in the Beverly hills, west of the city. The club was formed in 1897 and was first known as the Los Angeles Golf Club. Its first course was a nine-hole affair, laid out on a twenty-acre plot at Pico and Alvarado streets, a corner that in those days was country property but which is now known as "close-in."

Fifteen years ago the Los Angeles Country Club purchased a large tract at Pico street and Western avenue. So great a profit was realized on this venture that the club was able, when it left the quarters there provided, to move to its present site four years ago with a fully-paid-for 340-acre tract, upon which had been laid out the present magnificent eighteen hole golf course and where had been built the beautiful colonial mansion which is the club's home. In addition to its golf links the Los Angeles Country Club has four of the finest tennis courts hereabouts. The club now has five hundred active members and three hundred associates.

Midwick Country Club, located seven miles northeast of the city of Los Angeles, near the pretty town of Alhambra, is the most exclusive, as well as the youngest, organization of its kind in Southern California. Its clubhouse, too, is of colonial architecture, situated on a hill which commands a magnificent view of the entire eighteen-hole golf course, as well as of the



"Something Like a Tuna"

purple Sierra Madre mountains to the north. Midwick is unique among the country clubs of Los Angeles in that it is the only one with facilities for polo. It has three fine turf fields and there every Wednesday and Saturday afternoons the "sport of kings" is indulged in before large crowds. Midwick includes more diversions among its activities than do most country clubs. Tennis is popular there, a rifle range is provided for the good shots of the club, there are a bridle path for horseback riders and a pool for swimmers now under construction. The club was not organized until 1912 and drew its members principally from other clubs, persons who desired to have their sport home located nearer their residences or who preferred a club in which the membership was limited.

Located in the San Rafael Hills, midway between Los Angeles and Pasadena, is the Annandale Country Club, an organization composed almost entirely of golfers. Its clubhouse is on a slightly knoll and its eighteen-hole golf course is, perhaps, the most picturesque in the west, being laid out on rolling ground which provides its own hazards. The club has a membership of four hundred, mainly of Pasadena residents. Near the historic old mission of San Gabriel is the San Gabriel Country Club, most neighborly of them all because the greater number of its members live in the vicinity, which has become a favorite spot for country homes. It has a low, rambling clubhouse, suggestive of the comfort that pervades it. Its eighteen-

Fair Polo Enthusiast



Playground of America

hole golf course for the most part is surrounded by grand old oaks, spared by the mission fathers when the rest of the thickly wooded country was cleared.

Altadena Country Club is located on the high mesa to the north of Pasadena and boasts that a wider view may be had from its clubhouse veranda than from any other in America, the ocean, thirty miles away, being visible on clear days. At Long Beach is the Virginia Country Club, a rapidly growing organization; while Riverside has its Victoria Country Club, Santa Ana has the Orange County Country Club and San Diego has two country clubs. All have eighteen-hole golf courses. Many of the larger winter hotels likewise maintain golf links and the visitor is never without the opportunity to pursue his favorite sport. For the resident or the transient the city provides a fine municipal golf course in extensive Griffith Park.

Next to golf in popularity comes tennis, and there will always be an argument as to which is the favorite sport of this section. Southern California yields but little to San Francisco in the matter of furnishing tennis champions and more famous women players have come from this end of the state than from any other part of the world. May Sutton, she is now Mrs. Tom Bundy, wife of another tennis champion, first turned the eyes of the tennis world this way when as a mere girl in short dresses she won the championship of America and then of the world. She is still playing in the championship class and her admirers regard her as still without a peer, although she declines to leave her two beautiful babies long enough to take part in any more American



Motoring to the Missions

Courtesy B. H. Dyas Co.

where the fifty or more boats of its fleet may lie safely at anchor while the fiercest storms rage, but may sail out to deep water in thirty minutes or less. Nearby, at Long Beach, is the home of the Sunset Yacht Club. At San Diego are two clubs, the San Diego and the Coronado. The former has as its clubhouse a converted ferry-boat, which it may move about the bay to any location desired.

Like all other sports in Southern California, the yachting season continues throughout the year, although the races are usually held between May 1 and September 30. At San Diego the annual New Year's day race is a great event. Sloops are the most popular boats in these waters. They are economical of build and easy of handling and as yachting here is not confined to a small wealthy class nor to persons trained for the sport through long years, the sloop predominates in the club fleets by a large majority.

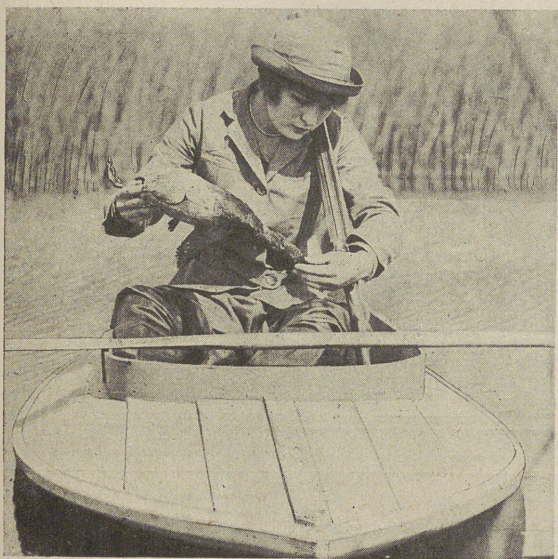
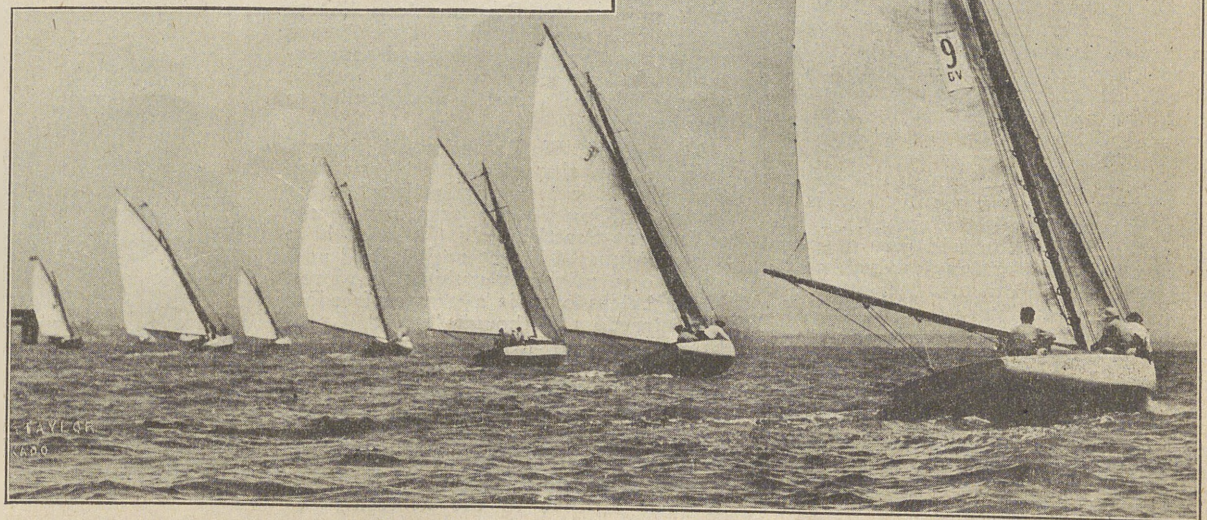
High school and college athletics in Southern California bring out a larger number of contestants than is usually the rule. Interclass contests are promoted in most of the schools with an idea of interesting as large a number as possible. Of course, regular games are confined to the number of players required by the rules of the sport, but when it comes to open track and field meets it is discovered by the crowds of contestants how great an interest there is in such events.

Motoring is an unofficial sport. Anyone may motor, if he has a car—and in Southern California everyone has and does. The system of boulevards, the balmy climate and the magnificent scenery have made automobiling the real sport of thousands in this section, but this is a spot where every pastime flourishes for the delight of its devotees.

—BOB FOOTE.

TICKET AGENTS, NEW STYLE

One, at least, of the great railroads of the west has realized that it is not good business to have a tenderfoot as its New York ticket agent, and is sending its Eastern agents to see its own wonders. This ought to prove of much benefit to the tourist, particularly the green traveller from the other side of the Mississippi. Folders are beautiful and maps are things to gloat upon far into the night, says the New York Sun, but the human equation is still the greatest business getter. Buying a ticket to the Mojave Desert from a young man who never has been beyond Union Hill may be safe enough, but it lacks atmosphere.



Courtesy B. H. Dyas Co.

Diana Brings Down a Duck

title tournaments. Miss Mary Browne, who won the American championship in 1912, 1913 and 1914, also is from Los Angeles.

Tennis courts are found everywhere. Every hotel in the suburbs provides them. There are many tennis clubs, notably those of Santa Monica and Pasadena. Public tennis courts, rented to players for a nominal fee, have been constructed in many parts of the city and surrounding towns and practically all the fine homes have private courts. In the public parks and playgrounds the excellent tennis courts are always crowded and new champions are constantly in the making.

Polo is played in Southern California chiefly in the winter and this land has become the cold weather center of polo activity. Every year the best players of the east, middle west, and of the Hawaiian Islands, ship their ponies to California and remain here from late in November until March, taking part in the tournaments which are held at Coronado, across the bay from San Diego; at Midwick, near Los Angeles; at Pasadena, at Riverside and at Santa Barbara. Although the game can be played by but a limited number of wealthy persons, it is a sport which affords great pleasure to spectators and is taking a strong hold on lovers of horse-flesh who may no longer see races.

For his yachting activities the boat lover of Southern California is not confined to a small sound. He leaves his snug harbor at San Pedro, Long Beach, or San Diego and within half an hour is on the broad, blue Pacific, where he may sail north to Alaska, south to Mexico or west to China. In fact, several times he has sailed in his races as far as Honolulu in the hardest ocean contest known—the San Pedro-Honolulu race which has been held four times in the last ten years.

The South Coast Yacht Club, pioneer organization of the sport in this vicinity, has its home at San Pedro, the harbor of Los Angeles, just behind the breakwater,

The West is a large place, as its native never fails to remark, he having snored his way through the somewhat extensive meadows of an until recently effete East. You cannot see the West in a month any more than you can see New York in a week unless you are a middle West novelist. Hence the value of finding on Broadway a ticket man who will not be content to sell you a long strip of paper full of conditions, baggage valuations and blue stamping.

Stopover at Santa Fe, sir? Don't fail to run up to Baldy Peak. The beds at the Hotel Morpheus are very good, but use the barber shop across the street; look for the tall barber with the imperial.

Reno, madam? One? You may find it dull if you are going to stay long. Drive out some day to Death-iswelcome; my aunt is the town marshal there and I shall be glad to give you a letter to her. No, there isn't a good ice cream parlor in Virginia City. I think you will be able to get short vamp shoes, size 3, at the Bazaar Emporium.

Hunting in Wyoming, sir? You will find some big deer between Cody and Yellowstone Park. If you explain to the guide that you don't like rattlesnakes he will take you where they ain't. It's an easy trip until you reach Sheridan. Dress warmly and don't carry a revolver.

Yes, Miss, there's Sunset, that little dot in Western Montana. If you take the 8:40 tonight you'll get into Missoula Saturday noon and you will probably find him at the station. If he isn't there he'll be playing pool over in McCarthy's. The minister lives in Granite avenue and his fee is \$2. Best wishes!

Every ticket office should have a clerk devoted entirely to California; one who can tell the prospect the boat time to Sausalito, what it costs to bring a Peta-luma Leghorn hen to maturity, where Frank Chance's orange grove is and whether the Poodle Dog is still running.

Understanding Germany By R. D. E.

The first part of Mr. Eastman's book has to do with the actual political, social, and economic relations of Germany to the rest of the world, and the psychological attitude of America and the Entente Allies to Germany; the second part is given to theorizing upon war, its psychology, its sources, and the means for its prevention. In a statement printed on the cover the author tells us the latter half of the book is to him the more important. To most of us it will seem far from convincing. Mr. Eastman, a socialist, and editor of *The Masses*, was deeply impressed by the painful spectacle of futility presented by international socialism upon the outbreak of the world war. He says:

"We international socialists, in our hope that the workingman's patriotism might be taught to cling in a crisis to his class in all nations, rather than to all classes in his nation, were nearer than the others to a scientific hope. . . . But I think we underestimated the importance of that disposition of personal contact. It is the group surrounding us



Samuel Merwin, author of
"The Trufflers"

with whom we rush together for defence."

The international socialists should have learned something; loyalty to the abstraction of class is overwhelmed by loyalty to our fellow citizens in close contact with us. But Mr. Eastman doesn't seem to have taken the lesson much to heart, for we find him saying:

"The fact that ownership and enterprise are growing more and more international, that the dominant groups of financiers and capitalists in all the great countries are interlocking, offers the one almighty hope for the elimination of war."

Does Mr. Eastman think that the property interests will outweigh "personal contact" and nationalism in the inspiration of loyalty? Apparently not for he tells us "People do not go to war for their property, they go to war for their country."

Or, does he think that international capitalists will show a class spirit, which will lead them to renounce their nationalism? This is just what he has seen the international socialists fail to do in a most marked manner. International socialism depending upon international capitalism—the blind leading the blind—is a rather fantastic idea, but we suppose that Mr. Eastman's hope for universal peace is at least as reasonable as those of Norman Angell, Andrew Carnegie, or Henry Ford; and we don't feel so much inclined to quarrel with the author's utopian ideas of the latter half of the book as to commend some of the common sense to be found in the first half. He says, in the preface: "The man without a country . . . is the man whose elevation I envy. . . . Perhaps this confession will give a special value of aloofness to my analysis of the emotions of patriotism." It will give us something more interesting; it will give a special value of aloofness to his remarks about the warring nations. This aloofness leads toward impartiality and this impartiality is the common ground on which the believers in nationalism, as most of us are, can meet Mr. Eastman. A man affected by the beauty of no women is likely to be as impartial a judge of the weaker sex as one impressed

by the beauty of all women. Mr. Eastman dislikes, nay, despises the spirit of patriotism in all nations as much as we nationalists admire and esteem it in all nations, but he has said some sensible, impartial words about Germany and her enemies. Anyone, he tells us, with a habit of withdrawing once in a while from the current of newspaper emotion might have done this. It may be so, but the sad commentary on the publicists of "neutral America" is that scarcely anyone other than Mr. Eastman, has done it.

The chapter on German hate begins by informing us: that when there is a fight on everyone has an enemy; that to the general nervous system of mankind neutrality is an alien condition; that we Americans were foredoomed to hate; that Germany having become the scape-goat of our newspaper offices, furnished the most evident object for that hate. "We shall, perhaps, discover," the author continues: "that our hatred against Germany, though natural, is not rationally justified because its causes were, in a large sense, accidental. . . . The responsible people in Germany, the people with national cares on them, were not in the mood of the chip-on-your shoulder. That is a part of our phantasm. Their mood was that they were at bay. . . . A military nation diplomatically at bay."

After discussing the invasion of Belgium, Mr. Eastman says: "I am willing to let Greece and Belgium stand together, as they will stand in history, monuments of the ruthless logic of war." This position is well taken. Our pro-ally friends object that the Germans were bound by a treaty to respect the neutrality of Belgium, while the Allies were not thus bound to respect Greece. This objection is frivolous: it is as though a judge should find one thief innocent and another guilty, because the one had promised not to steal and the other had made no such promise.

As to the menace of despotism, the author tells us that the German state is the union of the absolute class with that high industrial social reform development which belongs to the modern world, and while he considers this state even more horrible than Russia, he has no faith that Russia is fighting for democracy, or that England and France are the sole repositories of culture and altruism, as they would have us believe. He says that it is the monster nationalism which must be fought in all the warring nations, and hopes "That a vast pall of equable failure—the disillusionment of patriotism—may descend all over Europe at the war's end. For in that shadow revolutionary things may be accomplished."

In search for a key to the German attitude towards life, Mr. Eastman hits upon the philosophy of Emanuel Kant. And he quotes these words of John Dewey: "My conviction is that we have its root idea in the doctrine of Kant concerning the two realms, one outer, physical and necessary, the other inner, ideal and free. . . . Surely the chief mark of distinctively German civilization is its combination of self-conscious idealism with unsurpassed technical efficiency and organization in the varied fields of action."

This philosophy does much towards explaining the German attitude regarding liberty, happily illustrated by Mr. Eastman: "When a man loves a woman and he cannot have her in the fashion of the flesh, he becomes so much the more enamored of her spirit, and builds up a little universe of ideal and emotional experience in which she is the queen. It was so that Dante loved Beatrice. . . . It is so that the Germans love liberty. . . . "This subtle interior device," says the writer, "by which the mind compensates with a theory when the body is disappointed of a fact is not peculiar to any people."

No, indeed. Sir Rabindranath Tagore, who has experienced all the blessings of British rule, including knighthood at the hands of King George, says in a recent address at Seattle: "We (Indians) have been subjugated by the nationalized people who sacrificed everything for power. Nevertheless ours is a greater freedom—the freedom of thought."

All this leads to the profound and perhaps never-settled philosophical problem, the conflict between Necessity and Free-will. Kant, at least provides his countrymen with a pretty fair working hypothesis for this life. The Germans are not so much to be pitied in their attitude to the necessities of

physical existence as some of the nations who are frantically striving to put salt on the tail of the Absolute. The Germans pray to God, but they do keep their powder dry. In utrumque paratus.

The chapter closes with these words: "We have to construct a genuinely free society out of the confluence of that state-socialism attended by paternal discipline, which is the political contribution of Germany to the world, and that individualistic capitalism attended by want and misery, which is the contribution of England. For this reason it behooves us to understand Germany." Yes, we must thank our author for some sensible words about Germany, and even for his aloofness, though it is not, perhaps, the kind we should strive for. He has the breadth of view which should be useful to us, though his point of view be objectionable. A man may see as far from the pillory as from a pulpit, and it is what he sees that interests us more than from whence he sees it. ("Understanding Germany." By Max Eastman. Mitchell Kennerley. Bullock's.)



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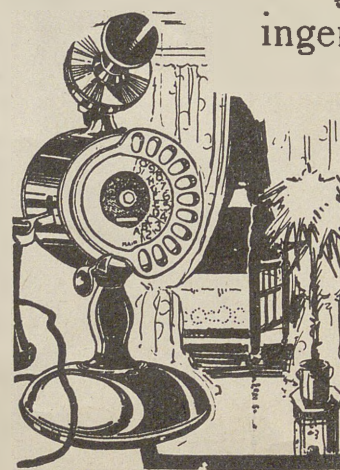
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Book Reviews

"Tales of California Yesterdays"

Eighteen stories, all redolent of eucalyptus and sage brush, from the pen of Rose Ellerbe, president of the Southern California Women's Press Club and weaver of many California fancies that have made her a delightful pen acquaintance in many local households, have been collected under one cover and done into a book by Warren T. Potter, a local publisher. Every one of these stories has a peculiar charm of its own, perhaps the most artistic being "The Faith of His Mother," a fragile bit of handmade lace with a religious tone, "The Fate of His Race," which depicts the plight of Poor Lo, "The Cooks of San Gabriel," being a delicious variation of the decision of Paris with a spice of humor, "A Tooth—and a Tooth," a marriage of convenience that turned out well. "In the Shadow of the Mission" also has a beauty that is full of poetry and pearl tints—but why make comparisons or at-

ner guardian. Immediately after marriage she regrets the act and be-pine for Neyland. Warburton, strong and masterful of character, at length agrees to allow Chrissey to get a divorce in order that she and Neyland may marry. Neyland, whose weakness is for liquor, is otherwise a decent sort of chap and his love for Chrissey proves a redeeming element in his life, in which so much of the evil is shown. Freed at last from the legal bond that has held her to John Warburton, Chrissey finds that her love for Neyland no longer exists, but that in its stead there has grown into being a great love for the man she has just divorced. The solution of the story comes in the ending chapters, leaving the reader, possibly with the feeling that Chrissey was not quite as deserving of the happiness that comes to her as was John Warburton. Eliminating super-criticism, however, "The More Excellent Way," will find many readers and nine out of ten of them will find the story one that refuses to be laid aside until finished. ("The More Excellent Way," by Cyrus Townsend Brady. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Bullock's.) R. B. S.

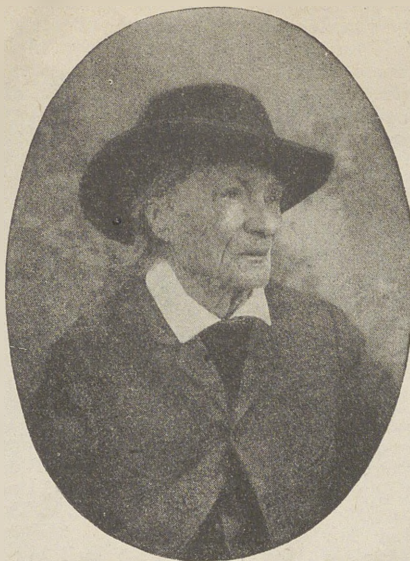
"Jesus and the Christian Religion"

Hegelian optimistic monism is the keynote of Mr. Francis A. Henry's able and scholarly treatise. Like so many theological discussions appearing today, which sound what the authors feel is a real "call," academic degrees, personal touches in a preface, church affiliations and other such details, are entirely omitted, and the reader is asked to go straight to the matter in hand, the fundamental issues of faith. It is a sign of the startling need there is today for a reconstructed theology, which means something to the living and talking man and woman; not a disused verbiage learned in some seminary.

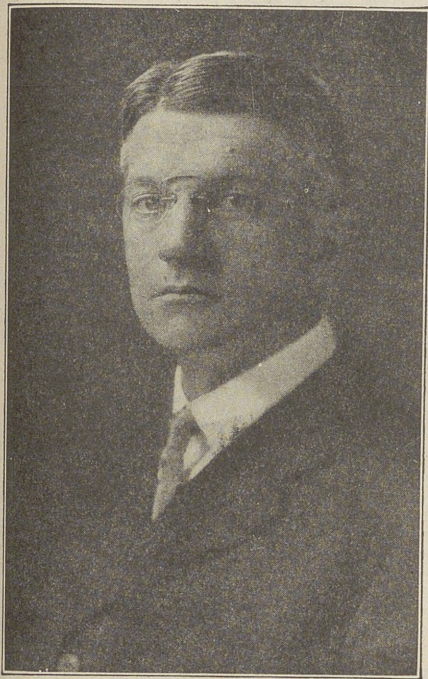
Frankly, however, never before in these modern days was a complacent Hegelianism like Mr. Henry's that avoids the existence and aeonic nature of sin and evil, so discredited as today, in the light of the present dreadful war. Mr. Henry blinks this terrible dualism in the universe, and discounts Paul's theology, with its "theories of predestination and God's arbitrary will, of ethical pessimism and the universality of sin," as outworn Judaistic fallacy. He has no use for

church organizations, nor for the stern yet beneficial discipline found in the history of our Christian commonwealths. So he pictures Christ with his calm, sane

outlook on the world, illuminated by consciousness clear and certain, which no power nor trial could ever cloud, because He was filled with God as the atmosphere is filled with sunshine. His aim was not to make organizations, but rather spiritually to energize personal life, for he felt that if he could make men, the men would make the Kingdom. The service of God, he declares, is freedom, and "establishes man's faith in himself as well as the divine order of the world. Man is the master of his fate. He may make of his personality a magnet if he chooses. Souls do not come ready-made, and if we want one we must merit it. The one consuming ambition of Jesus was to found a brotherhood and to teach us to renounce our lower selves and to rise on the stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things. This is our labor and our happiness." So he accepts the unsatisfactory creed which Tennyson at the opening of his "In Memoriam" rejects so uncompromisingly, as mere smug individualism, that men may "rise on the stepping-tones of their dead selves." A "dead self" is a poor basis to work upon, what man wants is a "revived self," dead to sin in the good old Pauline sense. "Jesus and the Christian Religion." By Francis A. Henry. G. P. Putnam's Sons. J. M. D.



J. H. Fabre, author of
"The Life of the Caterpillar"



Prof. Wm. Lyon Phelps, author of
"The Advance of The English World"

tempt hints of the pictures drawn, Miss Ellerbe's work is too well known here to need local recommendation beyond the word that they are good and typically Californian. ("Tales of Yesterdays." By Rose Ellerbe. Warren T. Potter, publisher. Bullock's.)

"The More Excellent Way"

In "The More Excellent Way," Cyrus Townsend Brady has for his theme modern society and the divorce question. The book, however, is not a preachment nor can it be said to be intended as a serious discussion of this world-wide problem. It is, however, an interesting novel, which is unlagging in its development and with a "they-lived-happy-ever-after" ending that is quite the logical finale. There is more to the novel than that, however, if one would delve into the vital parts, but in the swift succession of the story's dramatic development, one scarcely catches the subtlety that is underlying. Chrissey de Selden, the heroine, is less interesting perhaps than any of the other characters in the story, since at times she is strongly portrayed and again drops back into a puppet character which the author moves into dramatic situations that seem forced or at least inconsistent with the woman of "strong character" she is pictured to be. The scenes of the story are laid in New York, Sorrento, Bermuda and Reno. Chrissey de Selden, loving an American hedonist, Richard Neyland, and loved by an Italian count, marries John War-

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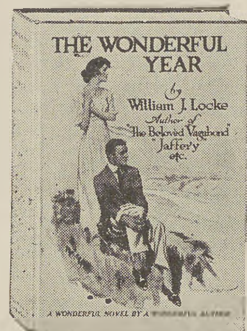
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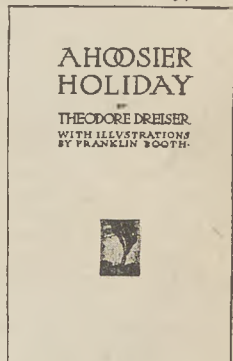
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Among Local Bookmen by Penelope Ross

BOOKMEN are busier than cranberry merchants these days, and at most of the bookshops there are bewildering displays of children's books. Never have they been so beautiful and of such variety as this year. Bullock's have an interesting display, of which the Holly-box series of old standard favorites such as Black Beauty, Hans Anderson's Fairy Tales and the like in bright Christmasy boxes and of gaily colored cretonne are



Ian Hay, author of
"The First Hundred Thousand"

Miss Jo Neely's special pride since they are both moderate in price and the best in literary quality. As head of the department she has assembled a well-edited selection, among them being the handsomest Mother Goose book ever child was blessed with possessing. It is "The Real Mother Goose," illustrated by Blanche Fisher Wright, printed on heavy, glossy paper that brings out the beautiful color pictures in a way to make the most hardened love Mother Goose, and issued by Rand McNally & Co. Then there are adorable little trunks of tiny classics, six in a box. These include Grim, Peter Rabbit, The Night Before Christmas, six of Anderson's Fairy Tales, Cinderella and Sleeping Beauty and Little Black Sambo. "Jingles of a Happy Mother Goose," issued by the Paul Elder Co. of San Francisco, is specially addressed to Christian Scientist kiddies, and there are stories for all ages and tastes. For the older folk there is a handsome complete set of Riley in black limp leather, by Bobbs-Merrill that is a distinct credit to that house, two California Fair books from the Paul Elder press, the one by Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, the other by Eugene Neuhaus, which every loyal Californian should have and a fine array of poetry, fiction, biography and travel, that tempts to enumeration and certainly to browsing.

At Dawson's, bookworms are living high. The select few who constitute the cognoscenti and also have plenty of this world's goods will be gladdened by the purchase by Ernest Dawson of a ten-volume Hume's History of England, issued in 1808, which is said to be the finest of the kind extant. As it is worth what a high-powered automobile would cost some millionaire's stocking will have to be found. Then there is a Holinshed's Chronicle, supposed to have been used by William Shakespeare in gaining certain of his historical plots for his dramatic works. Queer old wood block prints and the equally queer old type, and the general air of restoration and preservation is almost creepy. A Martinus P. Argentine—1486, is another worm-eaten volume done in vellum that is of particular interest to those who know. For those who do not, and apparently there are many, there are books some one has not appreciated or could not keep on the bargain trays, for the hoi polloi.

Warren T. Potter finds the Christmas season quite rushing also. Ten months ago this young man came from Nebraska and went into the publishing business in the Baker-Detwiler Bldg. Now you must know the pass-word or make a special appointment to be able to see him in the rush. For the season he has several books that are bound to be popular: "Los Angeles, From the Sierras

to the Sea," a collaboration of poems by Charles Farwell Edson and etchings by Marion Holden Pope; "Tales of California Yesterdays," romantic tales of mission days in which the human interest note is struck, by Rose Ellerbe, president of the Southern California Woman's Press Club and for long a contributor to one of the large local dailies; "Quest of Little Blessing," a dainty story by Mrs. Anna T. Clark; "The Day Before Marriage," a bride's book, by Mary Dale; "Ku Klux Klan," by Annie Cooper Burton, and "From the Creation of Man to Eternity," by Mary Viola Gross, being for the use of Bible students.

"Mr. Britling Sees It Through," by H. G. Wells, has been one of C. C. Parker's best books of the season. "Penrod and Sam," by Booth Tarkington, "Green Mansions," by W. H. Hudson, "The Wonderful Year," by W. J. Locke, and the Borzoi books of Alfred A. Knopf bid fair to be big sellers. "When a Man's a Man," by Harold Bell Wright, "The Rising Tide," by Margaret Deland, "Seventeen," by Booth Tarkington, "The Heart of Rachel," by Frank Norris, "Just David," by Gene Stratton Porter and "Tish," by Mary Richards Rinehart, have been the best sellers. "Brook Kerith," by George Moore, although one of the big books of the year, was a disappointment from a seller's viewpoint. Mr. Parker has many interesting lights to throw upon the bookman's business and a fund of information about writers and bookish folk.

Rafts of children's books make Cunningham-Curtis-Welch store quite gay and festive in appearance. There are the books of Donohue, McLaughlin and Tuck houses for the tiny tots, Charles Kingsley's delightful "Water Babies," illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith, the Boys' Book series, from the Cassell & Co. house, Daring Deeds series, from the J. B. Lippincott house, the King's highway series of classics, from the Funk & Wagnalls house, Edwin L. Sabin's "With Custer and Fremont," "Gold Seeker of '49" and "With Sam Houston in Texas," from the J. B. Lippincott house.

"Betty's Beautiful Nights"

To one little girl comes a great favor from the fairies. Betty as she lay in her little bed one night is visited by the Queen of these fascinating creatures and is invited to share with them their tasks and festivals one night in each month of the year. These are "Betty's Beautiful Nights," which explain also the gay



Fannie Hurst, author of
"Every Soul Hath Its Song"

painting of the trees, that older folk imagine are merely frost-bitten, the origin of the wildflowers in the spring, the gathering of the gems to lend the colors to the first snow storm and various pretty fancies. Marian Warner Wildman Fenner has conceived and written her stories with the delicacy of a poet and in a manner to delight the wee folk. ("Betty's Beautiful Nights." By Marian Warner Wildman Fenner. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Bullock's.)

"And Thus He Came"

A Christmas fantasy in which Jesus becomes again a determining influence in the crises of human lives. The reader glimpses in a series of touching little pictures, ranging from the lighted ball-rooms of society to the hopeless poverty of the slums, the need which in their several ways the children of men have for air and solace from the Saviour of mankind. ("And Thus He Came." By Cyrus Townsend Brady. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Bullock's.)

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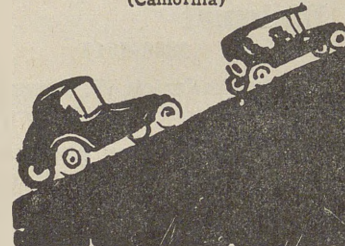
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Book Reviews

"What's the Matter With Mexico?"

According to Caspar Whitney, there is not very much that is not the matter with Mexico. In a series of small books on "Our National Problem," Mr. Whitney analyzes the Mexican question in the light of history and of his personal experience in that country. In order that the reader may understand the present he summarizes the past. In a hundred and six years there have been but forty-one of peace for Mexico. With a new government every few years—save in the iron rule of Diaz—and with



From "The Diary of a Great Man" by Sam'l Pepys, Jr.

the predominant idea of the ruling class, the only one which has any education, being to pillage, to graft, to rob, with murder as a mere incident of all this, it is no wonder that the Mexican of today has eighty chances of being a mere slave, nineteen of being an aristocratic or bandit thief, and one of being a good citizen. While there is much in the book that might be quoted—for it is full of incidents illustrating the bloodthirsty disposition of soldier, bandit, general and statesman, we will content ourselves with stating Mr. Whitney's summary. He says the submerged 80 per cent want peace, that not one per cent of the pop-

takes part in the periodic revolutions; that these "uprisings" are the outcome of one grafter trying to overthrow another. Moreover, the author is an ardent interventionist. His claim is that had Wilson handled the Mexican as Hayes did, Huerta would have had to act as did Diaz, and that was to see the United States interests and residents had proper attention and protection. The present condition of things largely is the result of the Wilsonic vacillation, change of policy, lack of back-bone. He shows Carranza to be vain and weak, surrounded by self-seekers without technical training for the positions they hold. (But in this respect the Mexican cabinet seems modeled on that of the United States.) Anyone who is interested in Mexico, in the probability of our having to police that country, and in the effect of these things on the prosperity and peace of this country, will want to read Mr. Whitney's book. ("What's the Matter With Mexico?" By Caspar Whitney. The Macmillan Co. Bullock's.)

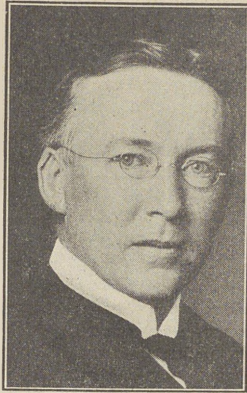
Cotton as a World Power

From their home in India cotton fabrics came through Spain into Europe, and finally reached England about the year 1631. From this time on until the industrial revolution, legislative measures were passed for its suppression as a rival of wool. The industrial revolution brought about by mechanical inventions is described in these pages in a very human manner, and glimpses are given of the tragedies of the lives of the inventors. The relation between mechanical inventions and cotton production in America is thus indicated by the author: "It came as though responsive to roaring British mills, to appease the fierce raiment hunger of England."

Cotton as an industry in America first made its appearance in 1775 with the use of the first spinning-jenny. As the growing industry of the south, the author shows it to have been the underlying cause of the extension of slavery. He traces the results of the Civil War, with its far-reaching economic and social problems in England and France; and the revival, growth and development of the industry in America since that period.

In summing up the present situation Dr. Scherer states that the cotton crop, of which three-fourths is produced in the United States, exceeds in value the whole world's output of the precious metals by fifty per cent. We have a

monopoly in production, as well as virtually unlimited possibilities in the development of certain grades of manufacture; but Japan and China have distinct advantages with respect to cheap manufacture. There should be a frank recognition of these respective advantages, and the struggle for the mastery of the Pacific should give way to a partnership in the freedom of the seas.



James A. B. Scherer

a creamy white or pale straw dress, closing its silky petals in the evening, the

flower on the second day of its fragile life shifts to a wild rose color deepening by evening to a magenta or carnation, all this for three brief but brilliant days." Interwoven with hard economic and political problems are also delightful bits of history full of human touches. ("Cotton as a World Power." By James A. B. Scherer. Frederick A. Stokes Company. Bullock's.) J. M. D.

Interesting New Gibson Cartoons

In comparison with his earlier books of cartoons Charles Dana Gibson's latest collection shows a remarkable mental change. There is a pessimism of weary years, unconsciously perhaps, creeping into them along with a greater variety of conception, and a heaviness of many-line detail work not so noticeable in his earlier pictures which were boldly drawn and strong and of few strokes or of solid black and white. Here and there is to be noted the stately Gibson Girl of ten years ago but the types (mostly from high life) have multiplied considerably. The same playfully satirical humor is exhibited in the thrusts at the eccentricities of humanity and the ridiculous contrasts offered in every day association. ("Gibson New Cartoons." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Bullock's.)

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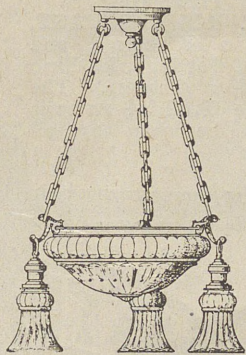
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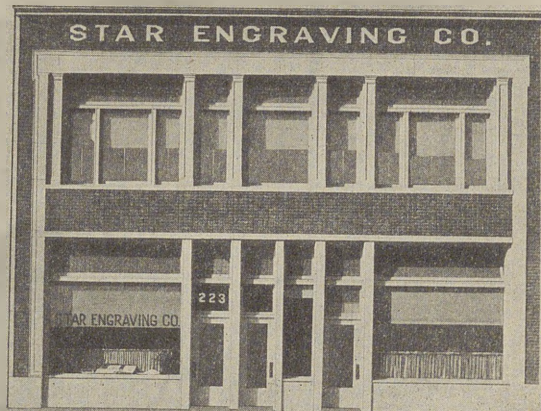
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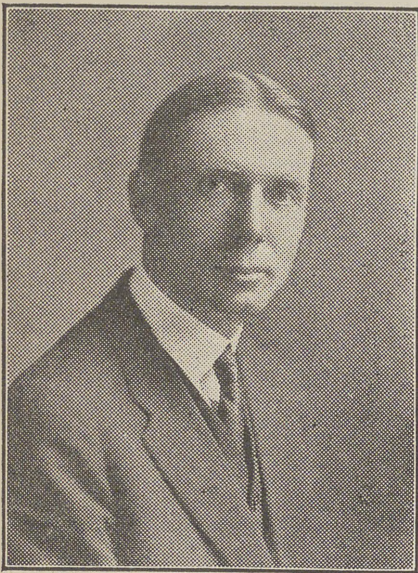
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Book Reviews

Somber Play Conceals Sermon

Somber in the extreme, preaching a debatable sermon, "The Woman Who Wouldn't," by Rose Pastor Stokes, tells in four acts the story of a working girl wronged by the man she loves, yet who will not marry the seducer although pledged to wed—because his fickle fancy in the interim of engagement has found another. A model daughter in every other respect yet for this false step together with her refusal to marry the man she is driven from home by a stern father who sees the proprieties outraged. With the help of strangers and her own exertions she brings forth and sustains the child alone, her false lover having denied her and taken the new favorite to wife. The



Henry H. Knibbs, author of "Riders of the Stars"

years go by; she studies working conditions and becomes a labor agitator known far and wide. Then it is she returns to the little mining town, heralded as a great leader and a saint, to find her mother dead, her father crippled in a mine accident and Joe, her former fiancé, a widower. Love kindles in his bosom, the child too appeals to his lonely heart; he desires marriage with "Mother Mary." But she replies obstinately: "I must belong to myself—be mistress of my own body and soul. I couldn't marry the man who didn't love me even though I loved him and his child lay under my heart. I can't marry the man I don't love even though he loves me and is the father of my child." The pictures are dreary, full of protest against labor conditions, the most real being against that commercialism which is making marriage well-nigh impossible among the poor. The dialogue is somewhat labored in its argumentative tone, an offense in con-

struction for ordinary stage purposes. It will probably suit the radicals. But whatever force the writer's argument against loveless marriage in any circumstances may have is clouded by her mode of handling for others. ("The Woman Who Wouldn't," A Play in Four Acts. By Rose Pastor Stokes. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Strange Adventures of a Puppet

Once upon a time there was a piece of wood belonging to a carpenter, named Master Cherry because of his red, red nose, but such an extraordinary piece of wood was this that it became the property of a poor wood-carver who made it into one of the jolliest puppets imaginable. "Pinocchio" was a most impish, irresponsible creation, getting old Geppetto into trouble, running away from home, falling in with a traveling troupe of puppets and other more crafty and designing folk, narrowly escaping destruction several times and finally fulfilling the Talking Cricket's prophecy by turning into a donkey whom every one made fun of, because he would have his own way always. But he is saved by his real parent, a beautiful fairy, from death and the enchantment; and a sadder and wiser puppet returns to Geppetto and becomes a flesh-and-blood boy by learning to work and study and sympathize with others. The book is a little classic, of the "Stories All Children Love" series, by C. Collodi and illustrated attractively by Maria L. Kirk with color plates of warm tones that will please the children. It is an acceptable Christmas suggestion for the laddie. ("Pinocchio." By C. Collodi (Carlo Lorenzini). J. B. Lippincott Co. Bullock's.)

Golden Apple of Healing

Lady Gregory has constructed a pretty children's play, full of characteristic lyric beauty and delicate fancy, from an Irish fairy legend. "The Golden Apple" concerns the adventures of Rury, favorite and only surviving son of the King of Ireland, who lies ill unto death. Rury, hearing of a wondrous apple that will heal all manner of sickness, goes forth through terrifying country where magic rules to bring back the golden fruit. He conquers every obstacle, enlists the daughter of the witch who guards the apple and frees a princess and her brothers who are held under spell of witchcraft. ("The Golden Apple, a Play for Kiltartan Children." By Lady Gregory. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Bullock's.)

"Souls Resurgent"

This story, based on the conflict between principles and ideals—held by one young woman—as against the slipshod, "make the best of it" attitude of her family, and indeed of the whole community, is intensely significant of American life. The conflict among racial and social elements is also vividly, relentlessly laid bare. ("Souls Resurgent." By Marion Hamilton Carter. Charles Scribner's Sons. Bullock's.)



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Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke Stephens

IT is the season of debutantes. Surely, never before has there been such a bouquet of beautiful buds as are being presented this season. Last winter, as I remember, there was only a trio or so of debutantes, and these, while most delightfully feted, were not introduced with the formality that customarily marks the first "official" bow to society. This season, however, each and every one of the young women will have the pleasure of a formal affair as marking her presentation to society. The anticipation of these wonderful events, glamorously brilliant, is a never-to-be-forgotten epoch in a girl's life and this season must surely prove a memorable one with its coterie of attractive debutantes and the merry round of entertaining which will be given in their honor, throughout the winter months.

This week's society calendar, marked by many brilliant affairs, has for its "piece de resistance," the introduction of two of the season's most charming debutantes, Miss Mary Dockweiler and Miss Rosario Dockweiler, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Isidore Bernard Dockweiler of 957 West Adams street, in whose honor Mrs. Dockweiler is entertaining with a large reception this afternoon at the California Club. Several hundred invitations have been issued for the event, the hours being from four until seven o'clock. Following the formal reception, dancing is to be enjoyed by members of the younger set, many of the eligible young bachelors having been included in the invitation list. The decorations are particularly beautiful. In the reception rooms, the shower of bouquets sent in by the host of friends forms a veritable garden of blossoms, while in the dining room, wherein is carried out the only formal decoration, there is an effective arrangement of autumn flowers and greenery. The Misses Dockweiler, receiving with their mother, chose the conventional white and silver for their gowns, Miss Mary Dockweiler's frock is of white tulle, made with dainty flounces embroidered in silver, while Miss Rosario Dockweiler is wearing a gown of white satin, draped in white chiffon and silver. The costumes are completed with dainty picture hats of silver, with the fashionable veils that drop just over the eyes. Their bouquets, debutante roses, arranged in a spherical cluster are suspended from the wrist with white satin ribbons and bows. Mrs. Dockweiler's gown, a handsome creation of steel cloth and steel-blue chiffon, embroidered with silver and gold, is made over a flesh-colored silk. She wears a high crowned French hat of gold metal. Assisting the hostesses are a number of the prominent society matrons and maids, these including, Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. Lucien Napoleon Brunswig, Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mrs. Joseph Cook, Mrs. James Calhoun Drake, Mrs. George J. Denis, Mrs. William A. Dunn, Mrs. William May Garland, Mrs. Lewis A. Grant, Mrs. G. Allan Hancock, Mrs. Frank Hicks, Mrs. Mary Longstreet, Mrs. Walter Leeds, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. Dean Mason, Mrs. John G. Mott, Mrs. Dan Murphy, Mrs. John Mossin, Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mrs. Eugene O. McLaughlin, Mrs. Henry O'Melveny, Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, Mrs. Louis C. Scheller, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Mrs. Kate Vosburg, Miss Eleanor MacGowan, Miss Gertrude Kerckhoff, Miss Marion Kerck-

hoff, Miss Eleanor Workman, Miss Marion Wigmore, Miss Eleanor Banning, Miss Helen Duque, Miss Louise Hunt, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Mary Forve, Miss Rosemary Sartori, Miss Dorothy Lindley, Miss Gertrude Grant, Miss Beatrice Finlayson, Miss Katherine Stearns, Miss Margaret Johnson, Miss Viola Vanderleck, Miss Chonita Vanderleck, Miss Rose Marie Mullen, Mrs. Sayre Macneil, Mrs. Marcus Marshall,

Latest Out. Buds from---



MISS MARY DOCKWEILER
One of season's most attractive debutantes

Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks, Mrs. Edwin Stanton.

Miss Beatrice Finlayson and her mother, Mrs. Frank Finlayson of 500 Gramercy Place, entertained Tuesday afternoon in honor of a coterie of the season's debutantes, who have already made their formal bow to society, these including Miss Eleanor Workman, Miss Eleanor MacGowan, Miss Gertrude Kerckhoff, Miss Marion Kerckhoff and Miss Marion Wigmore. The affair was an attractively arranged luncheon given at the Alexandria, followed by a matinee party at the Orpheum. The table centerpiece was formed of deep red roses and violets and hand-limned cards marked the places of the guests of honor, the hostesses, and Miss Dorothy Lindley, Miss Celeste Dorr, Miss Mary Forve, Miss Mary Dockweiler, Miss Rosario Dockweiler, Miss Margaret Fleming, Miss Eleanor Banning, Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks, Mrs. Edwin Locksley Stanton, Mrs. Eugene Payson Clark and Mrs. Boyle Workman.

Mrs. James Calhoun Drake and her sister, Mrs. Mary Longstreet are leav-

ing next week for New York where they will visit for a month.

Mrs. Cyrus B. McCormick who has passed several winters in Southern California is expected to arrive in Pasadena the last of next week. Mrs. McCormick will occupy the residence of Mr. Harry Gray in Oak Knoll this winter.

Judge and Mrs. George Fuller have come up from their ranch, Buena Vista near San Diego and are domiciled for the season at 720 West Twenty-eight street. Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers Gray, their son and daughter-in-law have gone to San Diego.

Dr. and Mrs. Carl Kurtz are again in their home 1129 South Alvarado street, having just returned from a delightful trip of six weeks through the east.

lin Booth, Mrs. Horace B. Wing, Mrs. Taylor Henshaw and Dr. Leslie Cox.

Congratulations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. Harold D. Paulin of Imperial, over the arrival of a second little son. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. McVay of 1190 West Twenty-ninth street are equally happy over the coming of this little grandson. Mrs. Paulin will be remembered as Miss Helene McVay and was one of the popular members of the younger set of Los Angeles prior to her marriage and removal to Imperial. The baby is to be given the name of William Bryant, the former for his grandfather McVay and the Bryant for Mrs. McVay, that having been her maiden name.

Among the many brilliant affairs of this week one of particular enjoyment was "The Dansant" given Monday afternoon by Mrs. Stephen S. Raymond in the ballroom of the Bryson on Wilshire boulevard, the affair being in honor of Mrs. Eliot Palmer, wife of the American consul to Madrid; and Baroness Vera de Ropp, the charming young daughter of Baron and Baroness de Ropp, who have been sojourning in Los Angeles for several months. The ballroom was artistically arranged, decorations being in hollyberries and royal poinsettias, suggestive of the Christmas season. More than fifty guests responded to the informal invitations and Mrs. Raymond was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Seymour Thomas, Mrs. Margaret Ham and Mrs. Thomas Cole of San Francisco. It is with sincere regret that the Los Angeles society folk bid "farewell" to the Baron and Baroness de Ropp, who with their daughter, and son, Baron Alfred de Ropp, left the latter part of this week for their home in New York. These charming members of the Russian nobility have been much entertained while visitors here and a host of friends will welcome their return in the future. Mrs. Palmer, who shared honors with the young Baroness Vera de Ropp at Mrs. Raymond's affair Monday, was formerly Miss Eno Ham. She is the daughter of Mrs. Margaret Ham of this city, whose house guest she will be until after the holidays, when she will join her husband in Madrid, Spain. Mr. Palmer, whose appointment to the Madrid post was announced a few months ago, preceded his wife to Spain and will greet her and their three-year-old son, Master George H. Palmer, in their new home, upon their arrival. Many delightful courtesies are being planned for Mrs. Palmer in the few weeks before her departure.

Another of the pleasant social affairs in which Baron and Baroness de Ropp shared prior to their return east was a beautifully appointed dinner party given last Saturday evening by their daughter, the Baroness Vera de Ropp at the Midwick Country Club. Clusters of pink carnations and maidenhair ferns were used in the table decorations, places being arranged for Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Brunswig, Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Miss Eleanor MacGowan, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Eleanor Workman, Miss Georgiana Drummond, Miss Albertine Pendleton, Mr. Clyde Leigh, Mr. Jerry Powell, Mr. Charles Stimson, Mr. Hilliard MacGowan, Mr. Jerome Fie and Baron Alfred de Ropp, brother of the young hostess.

In honor of Miss Gertrude Kerckhoff and Miss Marion Kerckhoff, the charming debutante daughters of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Kerckhoff of West Adams street, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark entertained Monday evening with a dinner and theater party. The decorations for the dinner were most artistic, blossoms and greenery being attractively combined. Besides the guests of honor, those enjoying the occasion were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mercer Brunswig, Miss Marion Wigmore and her house guest, Miss Celeste Dorr of Washington, D. C.,

Much of their time was passed in Washington, New York and Philadelphia, where their many friends vie with each other in bestowing attentions upon Dr. and Mrs. Kurtz. Thanksgiving evening the return of Dr. and Mrs. Kurtz was celebrated by a dinner party their guests being Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gage and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fairbanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Rodman were hosts Monday evening at an informal supper party given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Healey who are just back from their Wyoming ranch. Besides the guests of honor other guests included Mrs. Horace R. Wing, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mr. and Mrs. G. Wiley Wells, Mr. and Mrs. John Treanor, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Smoot, Mr. Elbert Wing, Jr., and Mr. Willoughby Page Rodman, son of the hosts. Mrs. Rodman entertained with a dinner at her Orchard avenue home Saturday evening in compliment to Mr. Richard Ordynski. Other guests invited for that evening were Mr. and Mrs. James Keeney, Mr. and Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Dr. and Mrs. Willis H. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Frank-

Miss Eleanor Workman, Miss Eleanor Banning, Miss Dorothy Lindley, Miss Genevieve King, who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Homer Laughlin, Jr., Miss Dorothy Williams, Miss Inez Clark, Mr. Wilfred McKinley, Mr. Joseph B. Banning, Jr., Mr. Hilliard MacGowan, Mr. James B. Hobbs, Mr. James Utley, Mr. Jack Macfarland, Mr. Clair Woolwine, Mr. Gonzalo C. Munoz, Mr. Frederick Gay, Mr. Robert Craig, Mr. Frank Gilcrest and Mr. John L. Garner, Jr.

Invitations are to be issued soon for a brilliant tea to be given Tuesday afternoon, January 2, by Mrs. Frank W. Emery of Pasadena. The event will mark the formal presentation to society of Mrs. Emery's attractive daughter, Miss Katherine Emery, one of the most

of "Today" has been mentioned by Theodore Roosevelt before the American Academy of Arts and Letters, as one of the three foremost books in American literature published in recent years. Mr. Bade and his fiancée are enthusiastic mountaineers and their romance, so it is understood, had its beginning when they met last summer in the high Sierras.

Much to the delight of her many friends is the news that Mrs. M. Clarence Mattinson, who will be remembered as Miss Ruth Anderson, is to make her home in California. Mrs. Mattinson with her baby girl arrived several days ago and will pass the winter with her mother, Mrs. M. J. Anderson at Beverly Hills. Since her marriage a few years ago Mrs. Mattinson

---the Same Branch



MISS ROSARIO DOCKWEILER

Steckel

Who, with her sister, made her formal bow to society this week

charming of the buds of Pasadena and Los Angeles society circles. The tea and reception will be followed by an enjoyable dinner-dance given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Emery, 1400 Hillcrest avenue, Pasadena. Miss Emery, who was graduated from the Los Robles School for Girls in Pasadena, has been a student at the Spence School in New York during the last three years. Assisting at the reception will be a number of the season's most winsome buds, including Miss Georgiana Drummond, Miss Mildred Landreth and the Misses Marion and Gertrude Kerckhoff of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George White Marston of San Diego, Cal., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth Le Breton Marston, to William Frederic Bade of the University of California, who is in Boston editing the writings of the late John Muir. Miss Marston is a graduate of Wellesley and is well known in Boston. She was coxswain of the college crew in 1906. Mr. Bade is prominent in California, having been president of the California Commission for the Relief of Belgium. His recently-published book, "The Old Testament in the Light

has made her home in Chicago. Mr. Mattinson was in California recently and while here purchased the controlling interest in a Porterville bank where later Mr. and Mrs. Mattinson will reside. Mr. Mattinson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Mattinson of Gibson City, Ill., have been living at Beverly Hills for several months and will pass the winter here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. English with their two daughters, Miss Lois and Miss Jean English, have come from their home in Oceanside and have taken the home of Congressman Benedict at 1739 South Kingsley drive for the winter. The Misses English attended school in Los Angeles and have many friends here who are giving them a warm welcome.

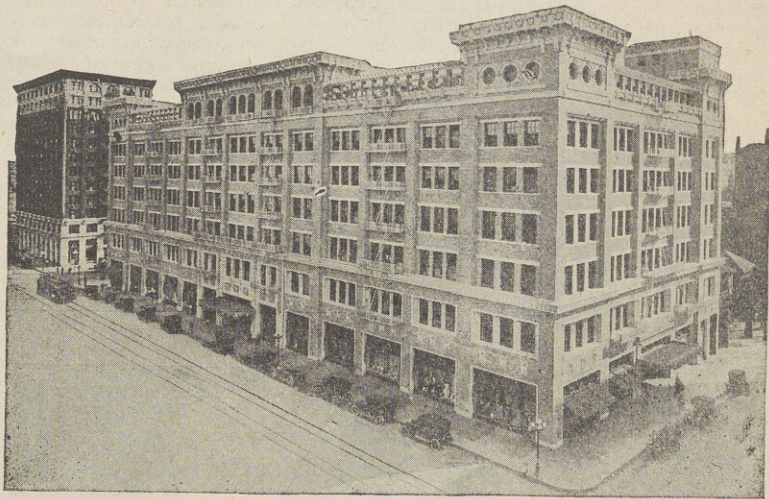
Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner and Mrs. George Denis have postponed the dinner dance they were planning to give at the Los Angeles Country Club for the debutantes, December 20, as the date conflicted with one planned by Mr. and Mrs. James Adams of Chester place.

Dr. and Mrs. Richard Chapman and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lacy are enjoying a visit in San Francisco.

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Beautiful Blouses
Lingerie, Negligees
Gossard and
Modart Corsets
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Handkerchiefs
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Umbrellas, etc.
Swagger Sticks

Gifts for "Him"

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Ties, Neck Scarfs
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Robes, Smoking Jackets
Bags, Suit Cases
Hartmann Trunks
Smoking Sets
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Silk Socks, Handkerchiefs
Umbrellas, Canes
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And Fittings
Auto and Street Gloves

Visit the Art and Gift Department

FOURTH FLOOR

Things are here for gifts we've never before heard of. Articles with the merit of beauty and utility—the odd, unique, unusual in Art Pottery, fine China, rich Cut Glass. Lamps and Shades that are the last word in artistic lighting equipment; Calendars in many novel and beautiful styles—the Sampler Calendar, the Impression Calendar, the Windsor Castle—each new and different in its own peculiar way. There are beautifully framed pictures to please every taste, and mirrors of every size. Italian marbles in the most popular subjects and dozens upon dozens of little things at little prices for those whose means are limited, things one must see to fully appreciate. A real pleasure awaits the visitor to this display of Art and Gift novelties.

Fourth Floor

The Toy Department and Santa Claus

For the children's enjoyment we prevailed upon Santa Claus to make this magnificent store his headquarters, and here he will be every day from now until Christmas. He so much enjoys having the children around him, so don't fail to have them come to the Toy Department.

Fourth Floor

Cheaters

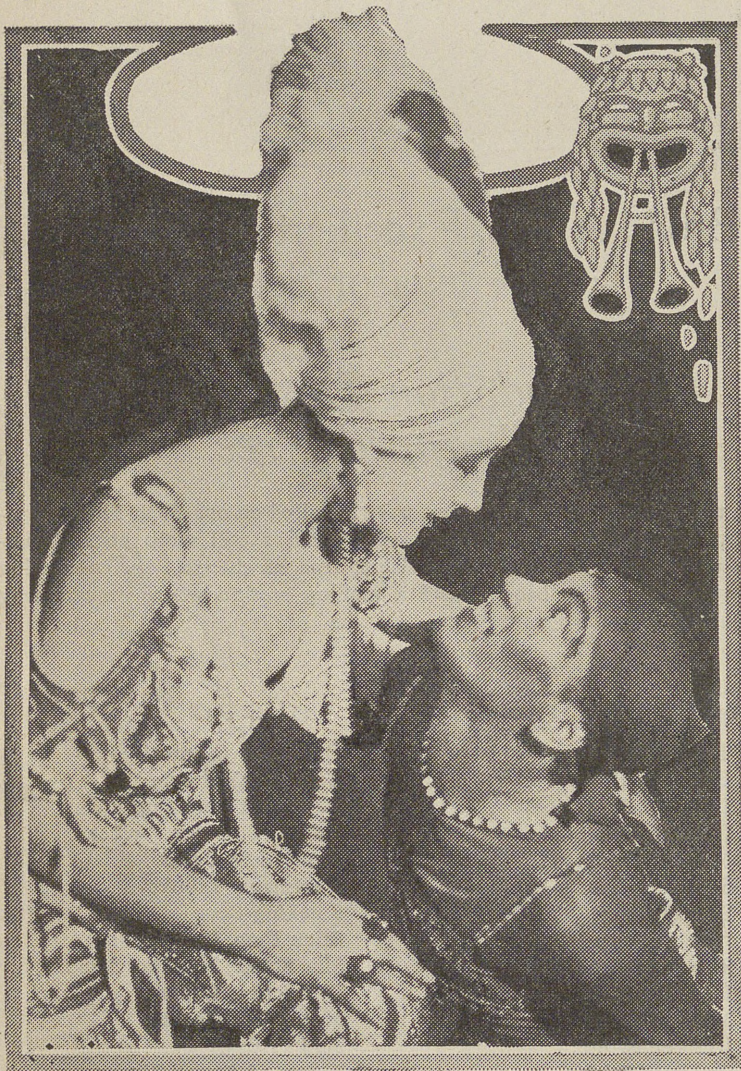
By Pearl Rall

MANY a woman has been the making of her man, and more men have been "managed" into matrimony than are aware of it. The responsibility of the former and the talent for the latter have been handed down from Mother Eve on through the ages, in all nations. In this respect "Obson's Choice" which forms the prologue to the Mason's winter season, is no more English than American. It was the trappings and the dialect which made it "so different," and deliciously novel and full of whimsy. The old English shopkeeper with three beautiful daughters, the eldest of whom was gifted as a manager of men and affairs, as played by Marshall Vincent, was an irascible elderly person whose tempers were ridiculously out of proportion with his ability to make good. And

thing, and quite in accord with the remainder of the pictures. The support of Rhoda Beresford and Phyllis Birkett as the younger sisters, Venie Atherton as a wealthy patroness of the 'Obson shop, Esther Mendel as Willie's betrothed, Lionel Bevans, James C. Malaidy, Noel Tearle and Thomas Donnelly as factors in the household affairs of the 'Obsons at the crucial time when matrimony, and later sickness and approaching death, makes its inevitable changes, was most excellent. The quaint polonaise gowns of the women and the gay weskuts and tweeds of the men in the queer old settings made interesting pictures, fitting the odd quiet humor of the lines.

Old-time Religious Drama Revived

While "The Rosary" is not the most cheerful or inspiring of dramas—or melodramas, perhaps one should say—the



Adolph Bolm and Flore Revalles in "Scheherazade"

yet like all men, he imagined he had his way when all is said and done,—a very happy frame of mind and sensible. As Maggie Hobson, who would not accept the decree of single blessedness passed upon her by her tyrannously-minded father, even though it meant choosing and capturing her own husband from the only available and not very promising material at hand, Viola Roach was winsome and quite natural for the most part. Her matter-of-fact acceptance of marriage and what it means, of the duties of child to father, when she returns to the parental roof and finds her father needs her, and her shrewd estimate of the excuses of her sisters might have been taken from any family circle. Galwey Herbert made the character type of Willie Mossop, the clever but untutored artisan, a stellar role, along with Miss Roach. His development of the apprentice lad to man strength was most interesting. Another unique and well portrayed character was that of Timothy Wadlow, the perpetual servitor and maker of clogs, by Warren F. Hill. Of what the American stage director and actor, probably, would have made a crudely disgusting scene, Willie's first night as a husband and his wife's almost maternal assumption of his career and care as a matter of instinct, these players made an irresistibly funny and not indelicate

Burbank players did not appear to make the best of the medium they had this week, although several made mighty efforts to waken a certain amount of enthusiasm at times. A. Burt Wesner, for instance, warmed up visibly after the first act and became a really interesting and human Catholic priest until the last act when the semi-twilight and the proximity of the stage church, together with the melo-dramatic situation, seemed to get the better of him again. Joseph Galbraith was not present in the spirit, also probably overcome by the air of religiosity and preachment. Frank Darian was the most industrious member of the cast,—but one person cannot dispel the gloom or general apathy of a company. Inez Plummer played her part alone, with an intensity that made the old-time wronged and misunderstood wife almost come to life, and thawed even Joseph Galbraith somewhat in the third act when he casts her out as a scarlet woman, untrue to her vows. The old play needed more effort and thought than a down-to-the-minute one to galvanize it into life, because it was a lugubrious vehicle. Too much comedy probably is the Burbank ailment. A little is a good thing for actor and audience but too much makes a flighty artist and playgoer. Now that it is settled that the dear old house that has been the



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BEGINNING TUESDAY, DEC. 12

THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS

"THE FAREWELL SUPPER"
By Arthur Schnitzler

"CONSCIENCE"
By Oren Taft, Jr.

"THE SHADOWY WATERS"
By W. B. Yeats

Last Time Sunday Night "PAPA"

A Comedy by Zoe Aitkin

Every Night (Except Monday). Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

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Broadway near Eighth St.
Phones: Main 271, A 5345.

BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE

The biggest farce-comedy success this season

"The Blue Envelope"

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Matinees Sunday, Thursday and Saturday

BURBANK THEATRE

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BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT

First time in the West

"Marrying Money"

It ran an entire season in New York

Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

Orpheum

THE BEST OF VAUDEVILLE

Every Night at 8, 10-25-50-75c; boxes, \$1.00
Matinee at 2 DAILY, 10-25-50c; boxes 75c.
Except Holiday Matinees.

SOPHIE TUCKER, and Kings of Syncopation; "CRANBERRIES" Side Dish for Epicures; BERT FITZGIBBON "Original Daffydil;" "THE FOREST FIRE," Sylvia Bidwell & Co.; RAYMOND & CAVERLY, "Wizards of Joy;" JOHN GEIGER, and Talking Violin; FOUR READINGS, Jugglers of Humans; JOSIE HEATHER & CO., Comedienne. Orchestral Concerts 2 and 8 p. m. Pathe and semi-weekly News Views.

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TWICE DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS—2:00 and 8:00 P. M.

The Wonder of the Whole World

"INTOLERANCE"

Symphony Orchestra of 40

The First and Only Production Mr. Griffith Has Made Since "The Clansman"
Motors at 11 P. M.

school for many Broadway stars is to remain open why not give the players a chance at something worthy of their effort now and then? But there's a scolding for the company for not making the ghost walk properly in the present instance.

Cracker-Jack Orpheum Bill

This week's bill at the Orpheum is so good from beginning to end that it is well nigh impossible to pick out any one act as indisputably both the best and the most pleasing. However, Clarence Drown was quite justified in his raptures, uttered through his most excellent press agent, W. Ham Cline, with regard to "The Forest Fire." The effects are truly wonderful and the company is most excellent from a histrionic viewpoint. The action opens in a telephone exchange, with the discovery by a small boy and the head operator of the commission of arson by the manager of the company to hide his speculations and forgery. The unexpected arrival of a brother of this man, who has suffered false imprisonment, and the discovery of the spread of the fire to the forest hemming in the valley town leads to a melodramatic situation in which the falsely accused brother rescues the plucky head operator who has stuck to her post while the fire raged up to the doors of the office. A real engine is driven onto the stage in the midst of what appears to be a real fire. The electrical effects produced in the hollow stage trees and the rising smoke and falling cinders and ashes, together with the collapsing of the tree trunks is quite thrilling. Sylvia Bidwell, as the operator, Minerva Walton as the typical telephone operator, J. Albert Hall and Fred Lewis as the two brothers and Browne Burke, the river boy, make the melodrama less noticeable by their good work. At the telephone exchange, at the station a few miles away, the signal lights in the mountains, and in the heart of the burning forest, with a curtain look at the smouldering forest by moonlight constitute the series of spectacular scenes. Ruth Budd, the girl with the smile, was almost terrible in her reckless daring in the flying rings. Her feats of strength and muscular control left many of her audience perspiring and tense from fear, to breathe a sigh of relief when she touched terra firma and kissed her hand to the wildly applauding spectators. Josie Heather is certainly one of the cleverest and daintiest little comedienne Orpheumites have seen in many a day. She reminds one of Alice Lloyd in her fascinating hint of naughtiness. Her "This is No Place for a Clergyman's Daughter" and the Frenchy "He Was Nice, He Was Nice" were great. Two bags of rags rose up from the stage floor and proceeded to make most artistic pictures out of all sorts of other rags, where the Brightons were billed for what might have been supposed a dance specialty would be. It was novel and entertaining indeed. Johnny Cantwell and Reta Walker appeared rather mediocre and bald in their naughtiness when compared to Josie Heather.

But Reta can roll her eyes. "The Bride Shop" suffered by reason of Andrew Thomas, chief funmaker, being indisposed by a very bad cold. Maud Lambert and Ernest Ball both sang better than ever; they both improved with a second hearing.

America Triumphant Popular Always

Of course "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." at the Morosco this week has been popular, and for three reasons. First, Americans dearly love to see the "common citizen" defy royalty and take the breath out of their court-ruled mouths with an utter disregard of their conventions and ride triumphant over every obstacle. Secondly, it is well acted and by principals who have captured the public fancy in previous performances. Thirdly, it is well staged, even though the garden wall and the stone parapet to the palace does shake under the weight of Richard Dix, the American hero, and Donald MacLean, his bosom friend and first aid to the impetuous, in certain scenes. Richard Dix has in this production secured himself in the popular favor, his impetuosity and infectious good humor in the role of Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne, the adventurous youth who dares to court a royal princess because he does not realize his hardihood or who she is, being so spontaneous no one could not do otherwise than enjoy his picture of American triumphant. Ruth Robinson is a fetching royal princess, Lola May a dainty American girl type and Lillian Elliott a rather American "English governess." This is mostly a man's play, only three women gracing the stage among the picturesque display of gaily colored uniforms of the men of the royal household. William Quinn as the king of Borrovinia, "somewhere in the southwestern part of Europe," was another character about whom interest centered. For the remainder, they gave good support—considering court uniforms and militarism are not stylish in this country.

Comedy, Poetry, Realism at Little

Three one-act plays will be offered on Tuesday, December 12, by the Players Producing Co. at the Little Theater, and will continue there for one week only. Arthur Schnitzler's Farewell Supper Episode from the Anatol dialogues, paraphrased for the English-speaking stage by Granville Barker, will be played. Miss Miriam Allen has come to Los Angeles especially to play the role of Mimi in this brilliant and amusing piece, a part which she played last year in Chicago with unusual success. Percival Vivian will be the Anatol and the staging will be under the direction of Herbert Heron. The dramatic and fanciful play "Shadowy Waters" by William Butler Yeats is also in the program. This play which has but seldom been seen in this country will afford opportunities for fantastic and colorful settings and for interesting acting from Kirah Markham and Frayne Williams, who will enact the chief roles. Mr. Williams directs the

production. Thirdly there will be the one act piece of serious import "Conscience," by an American author. Oren Taft, Jr. Miss Markham and Irving Pichel will be seen in the most important parts. Pichel has staged this play.

Rag-time Sophie Tucker at Orpheum

Sophie Tucker, the Mary Garden of ragtime, stranger to date, in this section of the country, simply because she was too popular back east and abroad, will top the bill at the Orpheum for the week beginning Monday matinee December 11. With her come five kings of syncopation, who are the masculine equivalents of her own talents. Miss Tucker has all the latest, most exclusive and best of this sort of music at her disposal all the time, and her manner of getting it over and her style, smartness of gowning and ability, together with her smart company, all combine to make this one of the hits of the year. Two featured acts are also in the list, one being a charming "dish for epicures of the drama," by Edward S. Ruskev, entitled "Cranberries." It is a delightful little human tale concerned with a cranberry bog in New Jersey and with three human beings. The other feature is that greatest of all nuts, the original daffydil, Bert Fitzgibbon. His coming is an event, for he is the best of his kind. Raymond & Caverly, our sputtering Dutch friends, return also, with a choice line of fractured English, humorous as it can be, but delivered with the utmost gravity. John Geiger has a violin that actually talks; it is a trick, of course, but he makes that fiddle say real words, and answer questions in good English. And the four Readings are the best of athletes. The only acts retained are "The Forest Fire" with its huge spectacular effects, and Josie Heather, with her smart gowns, cunningly naughty songs, Bobbie, and Wm. Casey, Jr.

Ballet Russe Tickets

Owing to the extraordinary demand for tickets for the one week engagement of the famous Diaghileff Ballet Russe, coming to the Auditorium, opening Christmas night, December 25, with but one matinee and that on Saturday afternoon, December 30, Manager Behymer has decided to open the box office Monday morning, at the Fifth and Olive street auditorium. This famous com-

pany of dancers and mimes has from the time of its first journey eastward from Petrograd, successively conquered Paris, Berlin, London, Vienna and New York. They came on their first transcontinental tour of America this year. The magnificent settings, the splendid vitality and beauty of the dancing, the vivid miming make an organization unequalled in the world today, combining the three arts which have heretofore been enjoyed separately, dancing drama and music.

"Marrying Money" at Burbank

"Marrying Money," which opens at the Burbank theater with Monday night's performance, is a breezy comedy in three acts by Alphonso Pezet and Bertram Marburgh. Its story deals with a sweet young daughter of an ambitious mother and a preoccupied father, who is compelled by her father's sudden failure in business to seek in terms of dollars and cents a marriage of convenience. She ignores her persistent suitor, the "Count Sebastian," who has been cultivated up until this time for his title, and starts out to make a more remunerative match. Following this plan she elopes with a member of a wealthy New York family whom she thinks is enormously wealthy, but who is, in reality, a member of the poor branch of the family tree. Both believe they have married money until the great disillusionment. It does not, however, prove ruinous to their happiness. Needless to say the charming Inez Plummer will appear in the role made famous by Juliette Day, in the New York cast, while Warner Baxter is the young man who is lucky enough to marry her. The cast will include Dora Mae How, Nolan Leary, Frank Darien, and many others.

"Blue Envelope" at Morosco

With a cast of characters and a production that demands attention, "The Blue Envelope" will be produced here for the first time at the Morosco theater beginning with Sunday's matinee. The farce comedy is in three acts and was written by Robert Homans and Frank Hatch. "The Blue Envelope" is naturally one of the unhappiest symbols of business life, representing as it has for many years the fact that a man is discharged

(Continued on Page 30.)

MILLER'S THEATRE

June, of Spring & Main at 9th

Week Starting Sunday. William Fox Offers

"THE BATTLE OF LIFE"
A rapid fire heart thrill story of underworld life featuring the new star Gladys Coburn, a talented young actress who photographs beautifully and who has a "personality" that is bound to make her popular with the patrons of Miller's new and greater home of the Plate Glass Mirror Screen.

WOODLEY THEATRE

Shows Begin

11, 12:30, 2, 3:30, 5, 6:30, 8, 9:30

One Week Beginning Monday, December 11

PAULINE FREDERICK

the Dramatic Artist as

"Nanette Of The Wilds"

Supported by an Able Famous Players Cast

Including WILLARD MACK, The Author

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Third Pair of Concerts

Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra

Soloists

75 Musicians

Lester Donahue, Pianist

Trinity Auditorium

FRIDAY MATINEE, DECEMBER 15th, at 3 P. M.

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 17th, at 8 P. M.

Secure seats in advance. Sale Monday, December 11th.

Box office at Trinity Auditorium

50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00

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Of course they would! And an account opened with one dollar or more at Branch or Main office will enable you to fix those stockings.

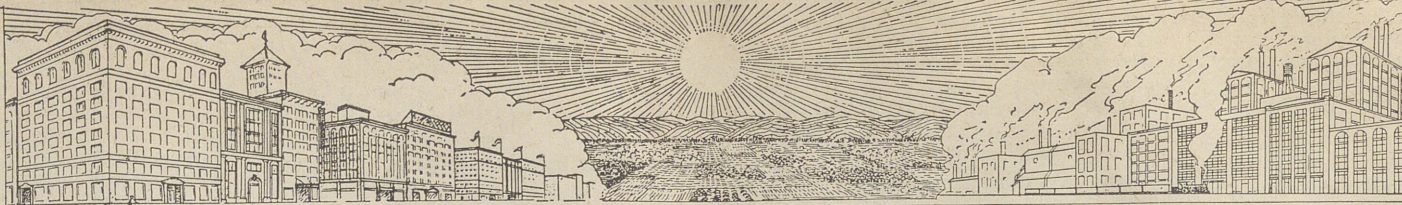
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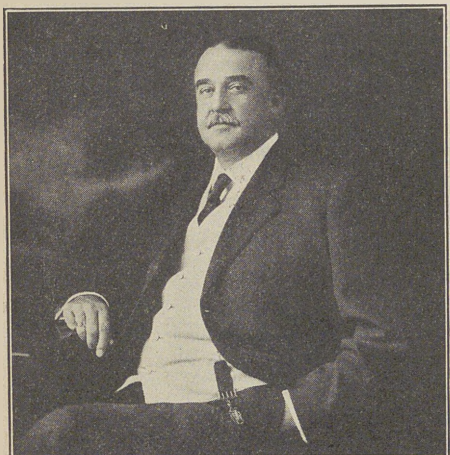
EQUITABLE BRANCH First and Spring



FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL

STODDARD JESS, BANKER

STODDARD JESS, president First National Bank of Los Angeles, was born at Fox Lake, Wisconsin, where he attended the public schools and entered the University of Wisconsin in 1870, graduating with high honors. On closing his college career Mr. Jess began his business life with the First National Bank of Fox Lake, Wisconsin. A year later he became cashier of a banking firm, George Jess & Co., at Waupun, Wisconsin, of which firm Mr. Jess' father was the head. He continued as cashier



until 1885. In this period of his career he was active in politics, serving first on the city council and in 1884 was elected mayor of the city. A year later he refused re-election owing to the failing health of his father, who wished to come to California. Mr. Jess settled at Pomona, where he opened the First National Bank of that city in June of 1886, becoming cashier, a position he retained until 1898. With his characteristic energy and interest in civic affairs Mr. Jess took an active part in the development of Pomona. He was the first treasurer of the city and first president of the board of trade, member of the board of library trustees and president of that body from 1902 to 1904. On moving to Los Angeles in 1904 he was made first vice president of the First National Bank, which position he held until January 1916, when he became president of the bank. Mr. Jess is well known throughout the country as an authority on banking and has taken a prominent part in many of the national conventions. He is a member of the California, Jonathan, and Union League Clubs, an Elk, a Knight Templar and a Thirty-second Degree Mason.

The American Thrift Movement

To encourage and foster habits of thrift, and at the same time stem the rising tide of prodigality among the careless, savings banks all over the country are laying aside old customs and traditions, which forbade an open effort to secure new business, and now use the most modern and approved methods of advertising. This new era of bank publicity is not prompted by self-interest alone. It also voices an honest and sincere desire upon the part of financial leaders to conserve the best interests of the people of their respective communities.

Labor Less Efficient

Hand in hand with the present insufficiency of labor is inefficiency of labor. In spite of the fact that wages are around 25 per cent higher in the electrical manufacturing field than during the year before the war, about 20 per cent less work is obtained per individual.

Such an occurrence is merely the natural consequence of an extraordinary demand for labor at record wages. It is a well recognized labor axiom that for labor to be efficient it must be stable and not of the migratory or roving type. It takes a certain length of time to get accustomed to the practice of a particular shop. However, labor was never more roving than during the past year. Higher wages, bonuses, shorter hours and other such promises were used freely, yet honestly, to entice workmen from one shop to another.

Some manufacturers who years ago

had the foresight to establish pension and bonus systems have been more fortunate in keeping their shops full than their competitors with less foresight. Efficient, well-trained men, who had been in the employ of the company for a number of years, hesitated to sacrifice the future benefits of those years of service for a few more cents an hour on a job likely to terminate at a moment's notice. While the average labor efficiency of these shops has been higher than in less fortunate shops, there has been, nevertheless, a falling off in the general efficiency of the shop.

Accumulating a Competency

Far-seeing men are taking every precaution within their means to give to their wives and families proper educational advantages along certain well defined lines in order to secure financial independence for their later years. There are many instances where wealth has come suddenly or unexpectedly, but such cases are extremely rare, and the conservative man admits to himself that similar good fortune is beyond the realm of his possibilities, and should be eager to get down to the real practical work of accumulating his competency.

Until a man gets it fixed in his mind that money must be saved before it can be accumulated he fails to comprehend the first step towards building up a competency. Inherited wealth, unless he has learned to save and conserve, will in all probability slip through his fingers with startling rapidity.

A man should inform himself as to the elements which make for conservatism in order to keep out of uncertain or untried schemes into which he may easily be persuaded to venture. A conservative investment implies safety of principal, a dependable income and other factors to which consideration must be given in accumulating a competency.

Few realize the rapidity with which money accumulates at compound interest. Money doubles itself in twelve years at 6 per cent, in fifteen years at 5 per cent, in eighteen years at 4 per cent, and it is possible for money to double from two to three times in the lifetime of the ordinary man.

Owing to prevailing conditions in the investment market there are exceptional opportunities for investments which have stood the test of years which yield

from 4½ to 6 per cent, while in some instances it is possible to obtain higher returns. \$5,000 invested in 5 per cent bonds with the income deposited in savings banks at 4 per cent doubles in fifteen years; while if the income from 6 per cent bonds is deposited in the same manner it doubles in about twelve years. It is important to remember that if money is employed with reasonable returns it results in constant increase of principal. The combination of conservative investment and compound interest taken year in and year out is hard to improve upon.

Broadly speaking, bonds represent a mortgage split up into small units, the denominations being usually \$1000, sometimes \$500, and in a few cases \$100; and interest is usually paid twice a year. The last few years there has been a marked increase in the popularity of the \$100 bonds, but many investors prefer to accumulate by the savings bank route sufficient funds to buy a \$1000 bond, par value.

Low Grade Bonds

The idea of "safe speculation" appeals strongly to the inexperienced investor. It is difficult to convince him that the safe speculation exists chiefly in his imagination, and that the word "bond" does not contain any magic to make bond investments safe. Low-priced bonds are usually speculative.

High-grade investments have gone up with the cost of living. The high cost of an income is indicated by the fact that the best municipal and railway bonds command a 4 per cent average basis. Good farm mortgages do not pay much better than 5 per cent, if you can get them at all. Choice public utility bonds and high-grade real estate mortgages do not yield over 5½ per cent at the present time.

In the wake of advancing prices for high-grade investment securities there follows invariably speculation in low-priced bonds. It is more a matter of psychology than anything else. The bonds look cheap. And when the stock market stops to take a breath in a rising tide, low-priced bonds are irresistible.

The purpose of this article is to point out a number of bonds having some real merit and yet, without disguising their speculative aspects, to bring them to the

(Continued on next page.)

Southern Pacific

Southern Pacific's gain of \$1,558,790 in gross for October, compared with the high month last year, was due to a gain of \$1,845,927 in freight revenue. Passenger earnings showed a decrease for the month of \$286,466.

With the heavier traffic, maintenance of equipment expense mounted \$129,262 and transportation expenses \$604,054. Railway tax accruals showed the usual increase, this time \$222,803. The net gain in operating income for the month was \$632,001 over the highest previous October in the company's history.

Gross earnings for the four months

	1916	1915	1914
Freight revenue	\$11,048,758	\$ 9,202,832	\$ 8,010,147
Mileage	11,069	10,942	10,541
Passenger revenue	3,440,102	3,736,568	2,995,228
Total operating revenue	\$15,692,153	\$14,133,363	\$12,005,046
Maintenance way	1,434,228	1,448,446	1,162,903
Maintenance equipment	2,037,597	1,908,335	1,666,629
Transportation	4,751,556	4,147,502	3,806,593
Total operating expenses	\$ 8,990,272	\$ 8,288,401	\$ 7,358,190
Taxes	782,399	559,595	560,481
Operating income	\$ 5,914,705	\$ 5,282,704	\$ 4,082,402
Four months:			
Freight revenue	\$41,733,024	\$31,944,336	\$30,247,603
Passenger revenue	13,804,658	16,765,185	12,876,289
Total operating revenue	\$60,299,173	\$53,586,141	\$47,251,123
Maintenance of way	5,796,156	5,773,041	5,246,505
Maintenance of equipment	8,319,493	7,260,255	6,983,175
Transportation expenses	18,152,181	15,832,923	15,267,008
Total operating expenses	\$35,277,108	\$32,112,965	\$30,369,999
Taxes	2,612,797	2,252,888	2,240,638
Operating income	\$22,375,310	\$19,210,285	\$14,628,018

GAINING IN EXPORTS TO SOUTH AMERICA

ACCORDING to the foreign trade department of the National City Bank, of New York, the United States now is supplying about thirty-five per cent of imports of all South America, against approximately fifteen per cent the year before the war. It is figured that the total imports of the entire continent for 1916 will approximate \$600,000,000, and our exports to that continent for the year will exceed \$200,000,000, against \$144,000,000 in 1915 and \$91,000,000 in 1914.

"South American imports in 1916 show marked improvement over 1915 and now estimated about \$600,000,000 for full year, against \$534,000,000 in 1915, \$677,000,000 in 1914 and \$1,030,000,000 in 1913, the high record year.

"American company reported developing important mineral oil properties in Brazilian State of Minas Geraes, and in case of success will construct railway line connecting oil property with Atlantic port.

"Argentina Congress reported considering a temporary removal of the duties on paper on account of present high prices of paper in domestic market.

"Argentine wheat exports first eight months of current year are 1,598,000 tons, against 2,376,000 in corresponding months last year. All cereals exported from Argentina are less this year than last, but this fall is offset in part by a large increase in exportations of meats.

"Chilian exports of nitrate to United States greatly increased since beginning of war and now more than double those of three years ago. The quantity of Chilian nitrate imported into United States in first eight months of 1916 was 847,000 tons, against 372,000 tons in corresponding months of 1914.

"Petroleum prospectors in Venezuela believe oil will be found in paying quantities in several localities in that country. Venezuela now imports from United States virtually all mineral oils which she consumes.

"Brazilian commerce shows a large increase in 1915. Imports of the eight months ending with August are \$106,000,000 value, against \$81,000,000 in the same months of last year; the exports are \$142,000,000, against \$123,000,000.

"South American exports of frozen and chilled beef in eight months ending with August, 1916, are stated at 4,215,000 quarters, against 3,618,000 in the same months of last year and at prices materially higher than last year. Frozen sheep also show a corresponding increase, 1,511,000 carcasses, against 1,059,000 in same months of last year.

"Argentine sugar crop in 1916 reported at about one-half normal, and as a consequence large quantities of sugar must be imported chiefly from Cuba and United States."

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Low Grade Bonds

(Continued from page 28, col. 3.)

attention of those who feel competent to examine the security and reach their own conclusions, says the Outlook.

That the bonds under discussion are not safe in any absolute degree of the word should be understood. This one may be secured by a first mortgage on costly railway property traversing a desert. That one may be a junior obligation of a company which as a result of strenuous competition reports earnings not much more than adequate for interest requirements. A public utility bond may be suffering from a short franchise or adverse public sentiment. An industrial may be backward on account of gradual depletion of resources vital to operation, expiring patents, out-worn processes, damage suits arising out of failure to fulfill contracts—in fact, for any of a thousand reasons.

These concrete instances do not take into account that recurrent cause of receiverships, over-capitalization, which mortifies a high operating efficiency just as easily as bad management will wreck

the most conservative business in the world. It is impossible also to find in the balance-sheet the human factor. Security holders in a disgruntled state of mind can hurt a bond issue just as readily as a dispirited organization.

And so the investor may be sure that he is getting what he pays for when he buys cheap bonds. That is why you cannot get a financial writer to prescribe any bonds for a particular case where a safe speculation is desired. He realizes that you do not know much more about buying bonds than he does about swapping horses. Such a responsibility is too vital to be assumed on request.

By an inadvertence, Mr. O. E. Monnette, president of the Citizens Trust & Savings Bank, was referred to as of the Citizens National Bank.

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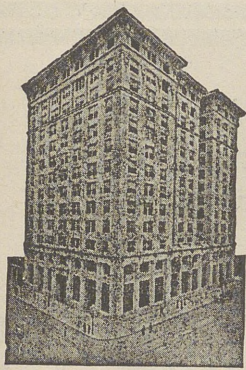
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Plays and Players (Continued from Page 27.)

from his position. The scenes of this play are laid in the reception room of a New York physician's office and in a sanatorium on Long Island. It is purely farce comedy of the fastest and most glittering type. Among its people are such interesting characters as "John Doe," "Richard Roe" and many others of the type that are oftenest found in the courts of law of this country. Douglas Maclean will appear as "Dr. Andrew Maurice," while Richard Dix will appear as "Richard Roe." Ruth Robinson should be quite heavenly in the role of "Agelica," while Lola May will be seen in the most entertaining character. The cast will include Harry Duffield, Lillian El-

a girl of the underworld who is hounded by the police when she forsakes her life of crime and attempts to go straight for the sake of her young brother's future. Besides Miss Coburn the big supporting company numbers many well known Fox players, including Richard Neill, Violet de Biscari, William Sheer and Art Acord, the famous cowboy actor.

"Intolerance" Still Holds Crowds

It is not surprising that David Wark Griffith's stupendous spectacle film depicting "Intolerance," made manifest in the works of men is continuing to attract large audiences even in its seventh week. To one who has seen the immense white elephants atop pillars of huge proportions pawing heavenward out Hollywood



Sophie Tucker at Orpheum

liott, James Corrigan, Marv Edgett Baker, Joseph Eggenton, Gertrude Maitland, Harry Schumm, Herbert Farjeon, and Lawrence Jackson.

Canadian Adventure Story at Woodley

With a thrilling story, through which troop French-Canadian smugglers on their lawless business bent and through which also goes a pretty love interest like a golden thread, as a medium the beauty, talent and versatility of Pauline Frederick will be displayed again at the Woodley theater, beginning with Monday matinee in "Nanette of the Woods." Joe Gautier, head of a band of liquor smugglers, has instilled into his beautiful daughter, Nanette, a deep hatred of all things pertaining to the law. And the interest centers about a battle of wits which she wages with O'Brien of the Royal Mounted in the effort to protect her father and at the same time shield Baptiste, a half-breed, who has killed the girl who loved him, makes an intensely thrilling photoplay. The entire action of the story transpires in the Canadian woods, the picturesque locations making an ideal setting for a story so full of thrills.

Story of the Underworld at Miller's

Gladys Coburn, a new star who is said not only to photograph beautifully and to possess exceptional talents for screen acting, but is also blessed with that delightful something called "personality" which is expected to gain her a great following, is to make her initial bow to film audiences in Los Angeles, this Sunday at Miller's theater, in "The Battle of Life." Miss Coburn portrays the role of

Book Reviews

"With the Turks in Palestine"

It was a bad day for the world and his own empire when the Kaiser postured sixteen years ago at the tomb of Saladin as the friend of the three hundred million Moslems of the world. To the Turks he is now "Hadji Wilhelm," invoked in their mosques every Friday. "We have all seen photographs of the imperial figure," says the author, "draped in an amazing burnous of his own designing, as he moved from point to point in this portentous visit." For the Turk by the testimony of all who know him best is an incapable and conscienceless ruler, and a swaggering military beast. To be responsible for his doings when it is impossible to restrain him, is to be hand in hand with iniquity. In the fourth chapter of the book an instance is given of his treatment of the helpless. An old fruit vender in the town of Sheffamr had ventured to protest when a Turkish soldier snatched fruit from his basket without offering to pay. He was soundly trussed; a hubbub ensued, a Turkish officer came up; and he settled matters by declaring impressively, "If a soldier of the Sultan should chose to heap filth on your head, it is for you to kiss his hand in gratitude."

Three flags are respected and trusted in Palestine; the Stars and Stripes, largely because of the excellent work done by our missionaries and teachers in Asiatic Turkey; and happily our cruisers have been able recently to succor many of the hapless refugees. The French tricolor stands next; for since, about fifty years ago, "autonomy was granted the Lebanon, French influence became predominant among the Maronites and other Christians of the province. French is spoken by almost all of them, and love for France is a deep-rooted sentiment of the people. On the other hand, the Druses feel the English influence. For the last sixty years England has been the friend of the Druses, and they have not forgotten it."

Unfortunately, the protection that was granted to the people of the Lebanon by the influence of these two European powers has been taken away by the iniquitous Turco-German alliance, and Syria is now another Belgium. Mr. Alexander Aaronsohn is a Jew born under Turkish rule, who tells the woes of Palestine, "the country of perpetual sacrifice." The story originally appeared in serial form in the Atlantic Monthly, which is sufficient guarantee of its literary value. ("With the Turks in Palestine." By Alexander Aaronsohn. With illustrations. Houghton Mifflin Co. Bullock's.)

Complete Auction Player's Note-Book

The game of auction has tremendously increased in popularity, and Florence Irwin is considered not only the best writer on auction but the best exponent of card games. She has the rare gift of catching the high lights of her subject, and has the unusual combination of author and instructor. The book is very complete, and while it supplies all the essentials of a high-grade game it gives adequate attention to the beginners. After years of experiment and of confusion a standard game has been reached, and The Complete Auction Player's Note-book will be regarded as an authority to which players will look to settle all points of doubt. ("The Complete Auction Player's Note-book." By Florence Irwin. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Bullock's.)

Another collection of tales by Leonid Andreyev, whose first volume of stories, called "The Little Angel," has been so successful in the last eight months, has been issued by Alfred A. Knopf also. The translation will be made by Herman Bernstein, authorized translator of this writer's work in this country. "The Crushed Flower" is the title of the new collection of novelettes.

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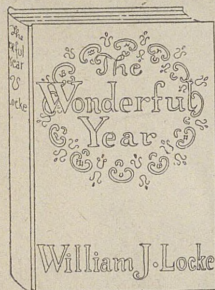
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—By Wm. J. Locke, author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "Jaffery," etc.

—To his long list of quaint and ever-charming characters Locke has now added the lovable Fortinbras, Merchant of Happiness and god-father to all the storm-tossed dreamers of the Latin quarter. A contrast to the fearless, erratic journalist, whose story was told in "Jaffery," relating to the wandering of a young Englishman, teacher of French in an obscure boarding school, who migrates to France, and there finds nourishment for his soul. There is a glimpse of Egypt and, in the end, of the great war. It is all seen through the whimsical eyes of this master story-teller.



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—By L. Frank Baum. This new story begins in a strange land far from the dominions of the lovely girl queen of the Emerald City, but it has all the characteristics that have won fame for the gay stories from the wonderful Land of Oz.

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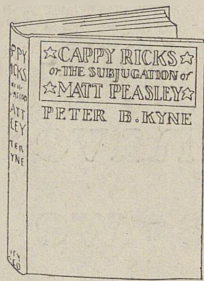
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The World for Sale \$1.35

—By Gilbert Parker, author of "The Right of Way."

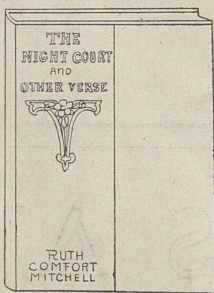
—A vivid story of the Canadian Northwest. Into a lawless frontier existence the author sees his heroine—southern and of the world's oldest race—a Gypsy. This book was written in 1911 and finished in 1912, a year before the war broke out. It must, therefore, go to the public on the basis of its merits alone, and as a picture of the peace-life of the great Northwest.



Cappy Ricks, or the Subjugation of Matt Peasley, \$1.35

—By Peter B. Kyne, author of "The Long Chance."

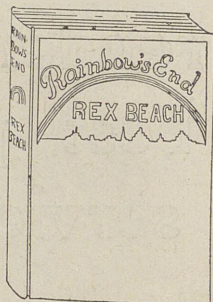
—The story of old Cappy Ricks, the owner of the Blue Star Navigation Co. and the Ricks Lumber & Logging Co., and of Matt Peasley, the boy he tried to break because he knew the acid test was good for his soul. It has sea atmosphere, real people, and genuine humor.



The Night Court and Other Verse \$1.00

—By Ruth Comfort Mitchell Young.

—A collection of poems, written with an art that is at once delicate and full of strength and vigor, and informed throughout by the spirit of communal sympathy and social purpose. The volume is concluded by a poetic play, "The Sweetmeat Game," a poignant episode from life in San Francisco's Chinatown.



Rainbow's End \$1.35

—By Rex Beach.

—A thrilling romance of the Cuban War of Independence. There is a lost treasure, southern beauty and love, fighting and filibustering, and an Irish-American hero, who was not the kind of man to leave any of it untasted. And like the seeds in Cuban oranges, humor is in it all.

The Unspeakable Perk \$1.25

—By Samuel Hopkins Adams, author of "The Clarion."

—The scene of this lively tale is laid in the neighborhood of the Caribbean Sea, where the daughter of a rich American, cruising on his yacht, meets under certain extraordinary circumstances "The Unspeakable Perk." After an absorbing series of adventures and misunderstandings, involving an active little local revolution, "Perk" turns out to be quite other than he first appeared.



Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras, \$2.

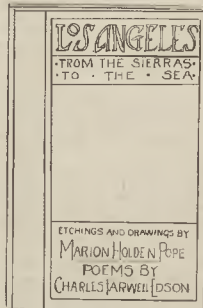
—By Harry A. Franck, author of "A Vagabond Journey Around the World."

—A book for all those who want to know the truth about our troublesome Mexican neighbors, and for that vast army of vicarious though eager travelers who love to range the earth on the wings of their imagination.

Told in a French Garden \$1.25

—By Mildred Aldrich, author of "A Hilltop on the Marne."

—August, 1914—ominous date—finds a group of delightful Americans holding a house-party near Paris. War!—and with it heated discussion! So they fall to telling stories—each in turn. The stories are capital—read them and see!—but the war comes nearer and nearer, until—

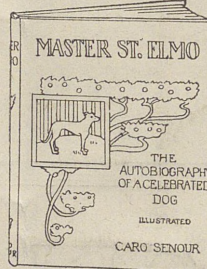


Los Angeles—From the Sierras to the Sea, \$1.00

—Etchings and drawings by Marion Holden Pope.

—Poems by Charles Farwell Edson.

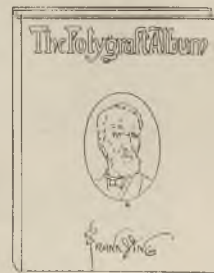
—A most unique and artistic book in which the Angel City is poetized and pictured in a marvelously effective manner. The real Los Angeleno will love it for its true atmosphere, and those of the East because from it they will learn the beauty and wonder of the city and environs. Both book making and contents make it an ideal gift.



Master St. Elmo 50c

—By Caro Senour.

—To all lovers of dogs this "Autobiography of Master St. Elmo" will prove a delight. No one who reads the true history of this celebrated dog can fail to become interested in St. Elmo, and in all other dumb creatures, for it reminds one that animals like human beings, are susceptible to kind, as well as cruel treatment.



"The Fotygraft Album" 75c

—A look—a laugh.

—With all the unconscious humor of the old family album—the repository of old tintypes and glossy cabinets of a past day. Almost facsimiles of the old-time portrait. It isn't "something like" anything, but an idea of refreshing uniqueness.

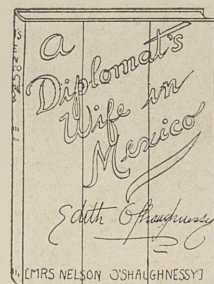
The San Diego Garden Fair

—Board, \$1.50.

—Buckram, \$1.75.

—By Eugen Neuhaus.

—This book is a general survey of the many unique artistic features which have been embodied into the exposition at San Diego. The book contains a critical and descriptive appreciation of the buildings and grounds and is illustrated with thirty-two mounted duo-tone prints, reproducing architectural and garden scenes.



A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico \$2.00

—By Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy.

—Being letters from the American Embassy at Mexico City, covering the dramatic period between October 8, 1913, and the breaking off of diplomatic relations on April 23, 1914, together with an account of the occupation of Vera Cruz. Though the events recorded in these letters are known to all the world, they may, perhaps, take on another significance seen through the eyes of one who has loved Mexico for her beauty and wept for the disasters that have overtaken her.

Old Glory 50c

—By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.

—Good short stories are a delight and those by Mrs. Andrews are invariably both delightful and good. This book contains three patriotic stories.

Riders of the Stars \$1.00

—By Henry Herbert Knibbs.

—Since the publication of "Songs of the Outlands," Mr. Knibbs' poetic work has been increasingly in demand, and his new collection shows ripening power and broadening appeal. "Struggling, scrapping, heroic manhood" still furnishes Mr. Knibbs with theme and subject. His work, however, is even more deeply saturated with the poetic backgrounds of plain and prairie and the tingling life of the open air.



That Something

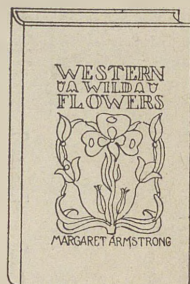
—By W. W. Woodbridge.

—Paper, 50c.

—Leather, \$1.00.

—A story that puts the conviction that inspires into compelling form. It has a message that ought to go out to all men everywhere. It is "That Something" that makes the difference between the ten who lead and the ten thousand who drift.

—"That Something" is charming and I am reading it with pleasure and profit. It really beats the "Message to Garcia." —Elbert Hubbard.



The Field Book of Western Wild Flowers \$2.00

—By Margaret Armstrong.

—In this book a very large number of the commoner flowers growing in the states west of the Rocky Mountains, including California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, Utah and Arizona, are pictured and described. Almost all of the technical botanical terms have been translated into ordinary English as this book is intended primarily for the general public.

Bullock's
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